

ÉDITION DE LUXE

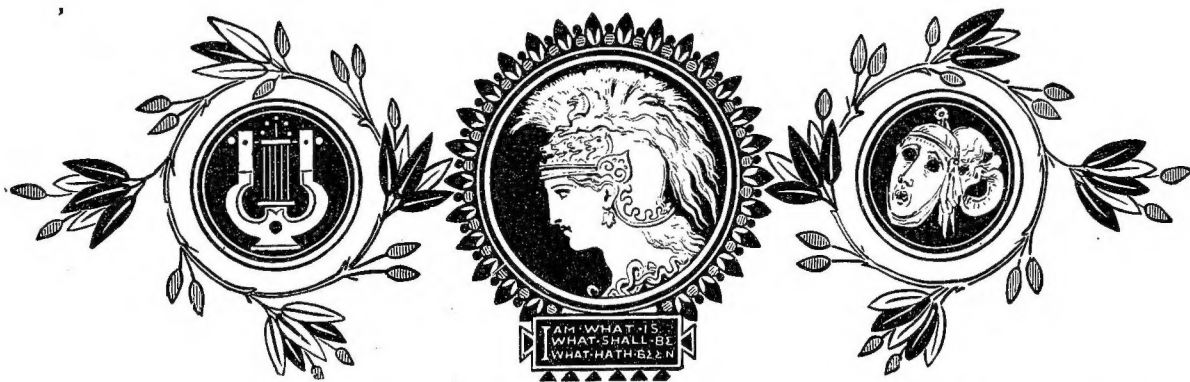
No. 1,054



FEBRUARY 8, 1890

THE GRAPHIC.

AN
ILLUSTRATED
WEEKLY
NEWSPAPER.



I AM WHAT I IS
WHAT SHALL BE
WHAT HATH BEEN

STRAND

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THE GEOGRAPHIC

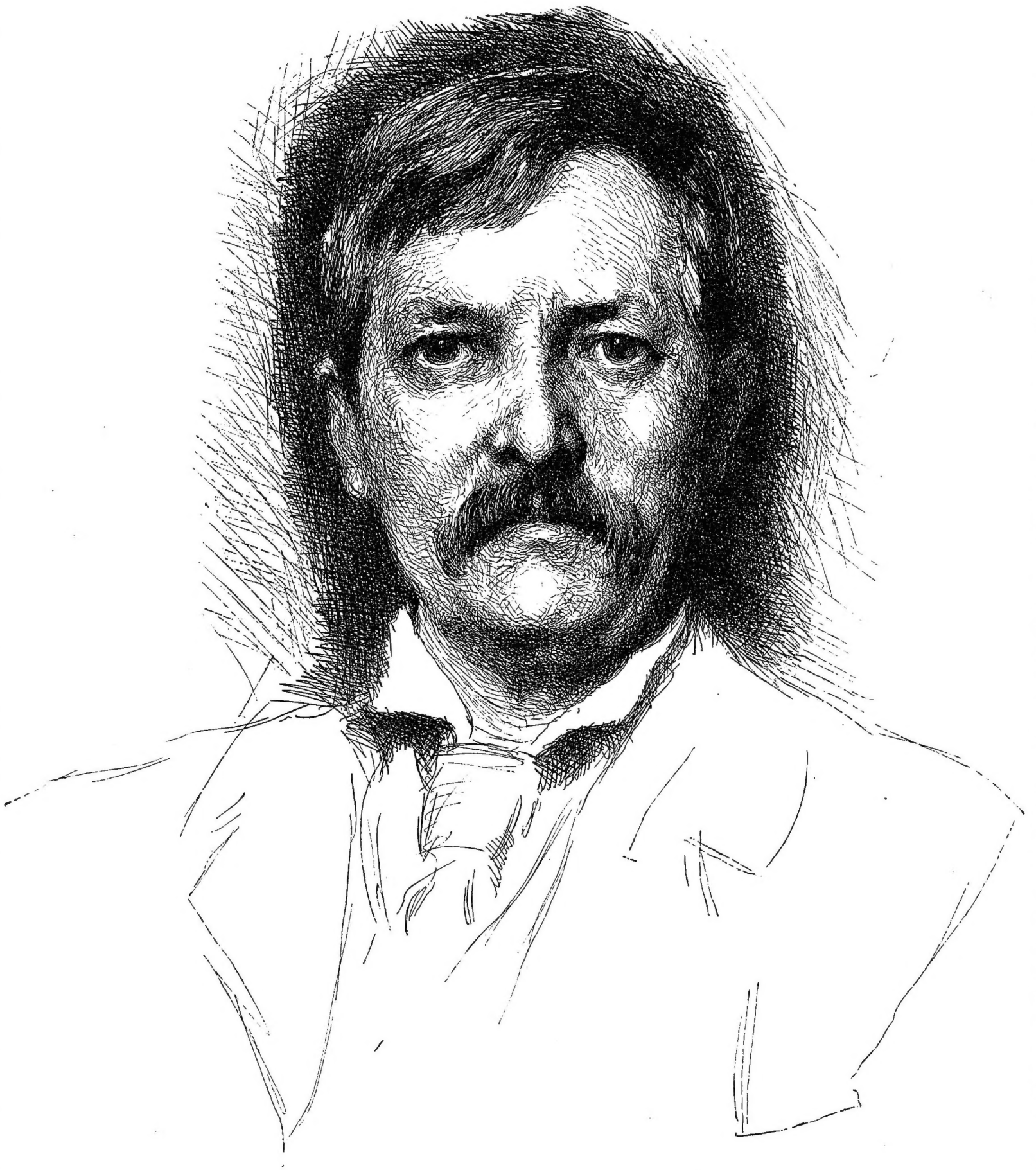
AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWSPAPER

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DE LUXE

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 8, 1890

WITH EXTRA SUPPLEMENT

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MR. H. M. STANLEY
FROM AN ETCHING BY PROFESSOR H. HERKOMER, A.R.A.

Topics of the Week

THE COMING SESSION.—Vague threats are being uttered to the effect that the approaching Session will be made an exceptionally troublesome one for the Government. It is not, however, very easy to see how these threats are to be fulfilled. Obstruction can of course be readily organised, but it is something more than this to which ardent Radicals look forward. Their hope is that the Government may be defeated, humiliated, and forced to appeal to the country. On what grounds are these expectations based? The alliance between the Conservatives and the Liberal Unionists is as strong as it ever was, and there does not seem to be any important question about which they are likely to break away from one another. The question of Free Education, if carelessly handled, may, indeed, cause some difficulty, but the problem is so complicated that the Government will certainly take care to deal with it cautiously. It can scarcely be supposed that the proposals of Mr. Goschen as Chancellor of the Exchequer will provide the Opposition with a good occasion for attack. Mr. Goschen will have a chance of doing full justice to his great financial ability, and we may be sure that he will not miss so brilliant an opportunity. As for Ireland, she will, as usual, form the subject of many an animated discussion, but no one can point to any aspect of the Irish Question with regard to which there can be serious discussion in the Unionist ranks. The extension of Lord Ashbourne's Act may be resisted by the Radicals, but on the other side of the House there is a pretty unanimous feeling in favour of some such scheme. We do not know what the Report of the Parnell Commission may be, but he must be a remarkably sanguine Home Ruler who fancies that it will make any real change in the mutual relations of parties. Upon the whole, the probability appears to be that at the end of the Session the Unionists will be as firmly knit together as they are to-day, and that nothing will happen to make a General Election inevitable. If the country were dissatisfied, its mood would soon be reflected in Parliament. But the country is evidently quite content to wait awhile before giving its decision on the great controversy concerning which Mr. Gladstone is so eager to have its final judgment.

HAY'S WHARF AND THE DOCKMASTERS.—The trouble at Hay's Wharf arose, as most of us will remember, from a demand on the part of the unionist leaders that the labourers employed there should be paid for their dinner-hour. This demand is a distinct breach of the solemn compact arranged between the strike-leaders and the dockmasters last November. The Hay's Wharf strike may have appeared to some persons a trifling matter; and so it might be, if it were really an isolated occurrence. This, however, is not the case. The agitators are very clever fellows, thorough masters of their craft, and their tactics are to attack wharf after wharf, and dock after dock, in detail, until the whole have surrendered. That this is their aim is plainly shown by the manifesto which they have issued, and which is to take effect next Monday. This ukase threatens that on and after that date no member of the South Side Labour Protection League, or of the Carmen's Union, will load or unload for non-Union carmen, and that no Union carman will work with a man who is not a member of the Union. The dockmasters and wharfingers have at length tardily awoke to a sense of their danger, and have issued a counter-manifesto, stating that they will forthwith discharge all those of their employes who refuse to make the deliveries which they are ordered to make. Let us hope that they will screw their courage to the sticking-point, and resolutely do what they say they will do; then there will be some chance of these miserable smouldering discontents being brought to a final settlement. If the Union men are as strong as they profess to be, they will gain the day. Whether their victory will bring eventual ruin to London as a port is a side-issue which we will not discuss here. But if the Union men are not so strong as they think they are, employers will be able to get a sufficiency of fresh hands—on one condition, namely, that intimidation is sternly repressed. Too much trust must not be placed in police-protection, which is often a mere mockery. The "blacklegs" must organise themselves, and, if necessary, repel force by force. "Peaceful" picketing is the most utter humbug. All picketing means intimidation, either latent or open, as opportunity may dictate.

GORDON, EMIN, AND STANLEY.—Although the leading incidents of Mr. Stanley's rescue of Emin Pasha have been before the public for some time, a few important additions were made by him in his interesting speech on the 20th of January. We now learn, for one thing, that, before returning from the Albert Nyanza to pick up Major Barttelot, Mr. Stanley was duly informed of the gross insubordination among the troops at Wadelai. This relieves Emin Pasha from the imputation, gathered from some of Mr. Stanley's previous utterances, that he kept the state of the garrison secret. But the public will regret to see that Mr. Stanley is not sufficiently magnanimous to do justice to the memory of Major Barttelot. He affirms that on the arrival of the contingent which was then coming up the Congo, the reserve at Yambuya was to "follow our track

through the forest, either with or without Tippoo Tib." That was not the case; the written instructions given to Major Barttelot prove the contrary. Nor is this the only instance in which the greatest of all African explorers shows a certain smallness of soul. It grates upon one's feelings to note the shrill and acrimonious tone in which he comments on the failings of any whose fame might come between the wind and his nobility. In a recent interview with the *Times* correspondent at Cairo he appears to have stood by the charge he lately made against General Gordon, of being habitually insubordinate. Similarly, Emin Pasha is represented in a most unheroic aspect, and one can only wonder how such a vacillating weakling continued to hold the Equatorial Province for so many years, without the slightest assistance. The three men are among the world's greatest, and it is a pity that these jarring notes should be sounded at the close of an achievement without parallel in history. No doubt, even as Gordon and Emin did great things, so did they sometimes say foolish ones. But in that respect, there is parity between them and Mr. Stanley. Let them stand, then, on a pedestal together, as brothers in the cause of humanity, and equal sharers of undying fame.

PORTUGAL'S OPPORTUNITIES.—The Portuguese continue to rage against England as a nation of pirates and ruffians. It would be ridiculous to pay much attention to these outcries, and we may hope that by and by Portugal will herself be ashamed of them. Meanwhile there are some indications that the country may profit by the ordeal through which it has been passing. The other day a loyal address was presented to the King by the members of the Lisbon Geographical Society, who, although expressing sympathy with the general feeling about recent events, called attention emphatically to the need for "a remodelling of Portuguese colonial policy and administration." A wiser step could not in the circumstances have been taken; and the Society will do excellent service to the Portuguese people if it persists in the effort to awaken them to a sense of their responsibilities. It was Portugal that showed the way to the colonising nations of Europe. By the skill and enterprise of her great mariners she secured at a very early period what might have become a splendid colonial empire. All that was needed was that the ordinary duties of administration should be discharged in a spirit corresponding in some measure to that of the brave and admirable explorers who laid the foundations of Portugal's prosperity in the noblest period of her history. But in the work of colonial administration the Portuguese have lamentably failed. Fine territories have been neglected, and magnificent opportunities for the spreading of the influences of civilisation have been recklessly thrown away. Other nations are now stepping forward to undertake the tasks which Portugal might have accomplished, and she not only resents their interference, but calls heaven and earth to witness that she is being robbed and insulted. If at last she will arouse herself, and set to work in earnest to make use of the chances within her reach, England will gladly recognise her good intentions and welcome her co-operation. Only she must not covet the results of other people's labours, but confine herself strictly within the limits prescribed by international law and justice.

ALSACE-LORRAINE.—Colonel Stoffel, the judicious Casandra to whom Napoleon III. unfortunately refused to listen, has recently issued a pamphlet whose recommendations do not seem particularly judicious, but which, on that very account, has obtained a certain vogue. The worthy Colonel tells his countrymen that Russia, not France, is the real enemy, and advises his Teutonic neighbours to give back to France her lost provinces, so that then they can stand like brothers, shoulder to shoulder, ready to resist the oncoming Cossack host. One of Colonel Stoffel's arguments is amusingly ingenuous. He says in effect to the Germans: "While you hold Alsace-Lorraine, you have Paris at your mercy, whereas even if you gave them back to us, it would still be a long march for us to get to Berlin." Count Moltke might reply: "That is precisely why we annexed the provinces in question." It would, however, appear from a semi-official statement, which has been put forth on the German side, that when peace was concluded in 1871, the Emperor William and his advisers were guided, not so much by considerations of the safety of Berlin, as by a desire to render South Germany practically impregnable. In most of the numerous conflicts between France and Prussia during the last two centuries, the French have almost invariably invaded the Fatherland by this route, and, as too often some of the South German potentates took their side, terrible suffering and humiliation was frequently inflicted on the divided Teutons. Germany is now a United Empire, and may she ever remain so! Nor is she likely to give up the rampart of the "Blue Alsatian Mountains" for the sake of a dubious alliance against a country with whom she has no serious cause of quarrel.

AFGHANISTAN'S FUTURE.—Great as is the expense imposed upon Indian taxpayers by the Russian advance to Afghanistan, commerce and civilisation seem likely to benefit in the long run. Afghanistan, which used to be described as "a barren country which produces nothing but cut-throats," is in the course of being opened out to the

ameliorating influence of trade. Nor is there any likelihood of the inhabitants setting their faces against the pursuit of business. There is no keener trader in the East than the Afghan; he could hold his own at a bargain even against a Levantine or an Armenian. Now, therefore, that only a few hundred yards of tunnelling are required to carry the Sibi-Quetta line through the Khojak-Amran, the Candaharis may be pretty safely expected to aim at monopolising the whole trade between India and Central Asia. That has always been their ambition, but never did it seem so near attainment as now. They are not, however, to have all things their own way. Surveys are now being made to determine the easiest route for a railway from Peshawur to Cabul, and it is believed that a practicable one offers itself along the banks of the Cabul River. It would, of course, be an expensive work, the river sometimes passing through tremendous gorges, with almost perpendicular cliffs on either hand. But a plentiful use of dynamite would soon overcome obstacles of that nature, while the heavy snow-falls of winter could be provided against by the shed system, as in the Rocky Mountains. It would be a remarkable spectacle were the British navy to fraternise with the many-weaponed Afghan in those awful passes which, about half a century ago, witnessed the destruction of an English army. But times are changed, and the Afghan, dimly perceiving that he must make friends either with the conquerors of Turkestan or with the heirs of the Great Mogul, prefers the latter as being, on the whole, somewhat less the sons of burnt fathers. Nor does he forget that Shere Ali, who trusted to Russia, died in banishment, whereas Abdur Rahman, who trusted to the English, now sits firmly on the Throne of Cabul.

CANADIAN LOYALTY.—Mr. Goldwin Smith poses as a resolute champion of the Union between Great Britain and Ireland, but he seems to devote much of his time to the attempt to sow dissension between Canada and the Mother Country. Again and again he has urged that the true policy of the Dominion is to join the United States, and in a speech delivered at New York the other day he tried to convince the Americans that this is, or is rapidly becoming, the prevalent opinion among the Canadians themselves. There does not seem to be the faintest shadow of foundation for this statement. That the Canadians, apart from the tiresome Fisheries Question, have no hostile feeling towards their neighbours is true; but there is a long step between that and a desire for political union. For more than a hundred years the history of Canada has been wholly different from that of the Republic; and if the colony wished to separate from England, it would almost certainly want to become an independent nation, not to be absorbed by a more powerful State. But there is no evidence that it has any hankering either after independence or after Mr. Goldwin Smith's ideal. It is allowed to manage its affairs in its own way, and through its connection with Great Britain it obtains the security which is necessary for the development of its institutions and of its material resources. To long for essential changes would therefore be a mark of extraordinary folly, and a few days ago the members of the Dominion House of Commons went out of their way to show that they had no such longing. An Address, assuring Her Majesty of the loyalty of Canada, was proposed by a prominent member of the Opposition, seconded by a French Canadian, and carried unanimously. If disloyalty might be expected to exist anywhere in Canada, it would be in the French province; and there it would naturally reveal itself in a movement for union with France. But the French Canadians, while very properly cherishing a friendly sentiment for the European home of their forefathers, are perfectly satisfied with the rights they enjoy under the supremacy of the British Crown. They represent, not the France of to-day, but the France of the *ancien régime*, and are well aware that the dominant ideas of Paris would accord neither with their temperament nor with their principles.

MR. O'BRIEN AT MANCHESTER.—Those persons (it is to be feared they form a small minority) who honestly desire impartial information on any much-discussed public question, can derive very little satisfaction from the Home Rule utterances of Gladstonian orators, because of their persistent suppression of all inconvenient facts which would tell against their arguments. In this respect it must be admitted that Mr. O'Brien is not a whit worse than some of his English allies; indeed, he is better, because less hypocritical and more outspoken. Nevertheless, his picture of recent Irish history is marvellously one-sided. An innocent ignoramus, hearing his eloquent catalogue of the prosecutions and imprisonments which have been meted out to "thousands upon thousands of the best men and women in the country," might presume that Mr. Balfour was as pestilent a tyrant as one of the worst Roman Emperors. The ignoramus in question might be surprised to learn that every one of those persons was punished either for the commission of, or for inciting to commit, deeds which are regarded as crimes in every civilised country. Nobody would guess from Mr. O'Brien's statements that moonlighting; cattle-houging; boycotting, as cruel in its results as the excommunication of mediaeval days; and agrarian assassinations had for long been rife in Ireland, that the Crimes Act had been passed for the repression of these offences, and that in consequence they had been greatly abated. Much more astonishing, however,

than Mr. O'Brien's eloquent inaccuracies, is the spectacle of Sir Henry Roscoe, and other English members of Parliament, sitting quietly by and swallowing all the Irish orator's statements as gospel truth, just because a few years ago they chose to follow the Hawarden Will o' the Wisp into the Home Rule quagmire.

AMERICAN BANK FAILURES.—Englishmen cannot help envying their Transatlantic kinsmen the admirable *sang froid* with which they accept such dispensations as the breaking of banks. Here in England there is quite a lively commotion when some little savings bank has to put up the shutters owing to defalcations; over there, even such a grand smash as that of the Sixth National Bank and its affiliated institutions provokes limited comment. Yet it had one feature of such an abnormal kind as might well have caused Brother Jonathan to shout a bit, if any would. There is something distinctly novel and refreshing in the idea of buying a controlling interest in a great commercial concern with its own money. This is the stroke of genius with which Mr. Clausen is credited; having made a bargain with Mr. Leland to buy that gentleman's shares at a very stiff price, he was forthwith installed manager, and in that capacity sold the bank's securities to raise the purchase-money. Mr. Leland appears to have acted with perfect honour throughout this extraordinary transaction, and, thanks to his subsequent generosity, all the creditors are likely to be paid in full. But from an English standpoint it seems altogether unaccountable that Mr. Clausen should have been given control of the institution in such a rough and ready fashion. Such a thing could not possibly happen in England as an outsider obtaining absolute power in the management of a bank the moment he had purchased—not paid for, however—the majority of the shares. This system also obtains in the case of many American railways which have fallen under the control of millionaires, who treat them exactly as if the other shareholders had no rights whatever. Yet, although this is perfectly well known on both sides of the Atlantic, the temptation of large dividends still attracts John Bull to American securities.

FRENCH RADICALS AND THE CLERGY.—Bishop Freppel spoke bitterly in the French Senate the other day about the ecclesiastical policy of the Republicans, and there was undoubtedly a good deal of truth in his complaints. The Radicals have often gone out of their way to irritate and annoy the Church, and it was hardly to be expected that the clergy would meekly submit to what were held to be serious injuries. Nevertheless, M. Ribot, in his reply, had the best of the argument. What good can the clergy expect to do by constantly agitating against Republican institutions? It is perfectly evident that the majority of the French people have no desire for the restoration either of the Empire or of the Kingdom. They are not particularly enthusiastic about the Republic; but they have shown that, upon the whole, they like it best, and that they are determined to give it a fair trial. If the clergy frankly recognised this, and, while retaining their own political opinions, confined themselves practically to their spiritual duties, they would find that the Extreme Radicals would be powerless to harm them. Moderate Frenchmen would unite in insisting that the Church should be left at peace to fulfil its proper mission. But, by intriguing against the existing system, the clergy alienate the sympathies of large classes who would otherwise be glad to protect them; and so the conflict between Church and State is allowed to go on. After all, Bishop Freppel and his friends ought to remember that, if the Radicals are hostile to them, the Church is, at least to some extent, to blame. For many centuries it exercised enormous power in France; and if, in the days of its prosperity, it had displayed a forbearing spirit, it would not now have had so much reason to complain of intolerance. The clergy will act wisely for their own interests, as well as for the interests of the French people, if they take to heart M. Ribot's warnings. France longs for a period of political tranquillity, and will, directly or indirectly, reward all who help to secure for her the benefit she so urgently needs.

FATAL FIRES IN AMERICA.—With the Forest-Gate tragedy so fresh in our memories we need not plume ourselves in this country on our immunity from fatal fires. Still, statistics prove that such fires are more rare, both in England and on the European Continent generally, than in the United States. As a rule, on this side of the Atlantic the fires which occur in comparatively small dwelling-houses, in which a number of persons are sleeping, are the most destructive of human life. People are often suffocated in their beds by the smoke before the flames have made any serious headway. In America the fatal fires, like the buildings in which they occur, are usually on a larger scale, and in a great number of instances they originate in the heating apparatus at the basement, whence warmth is distributed over the building to counteract the severity of the winter climate. We do not yet know whether this was the cause of the lamentable disaster last Monday at Washington, by which Mr. Tracy's wife and daughter lost their lives, but it seems very likely that it was. During the winter months nearly every town-dwelling American goes to rest with a furnace burning in the cellarage of his house, and should an accident occur,

the fire has time to climb upwards until the whole building is a sheet of flame before the inmates are aware of their danger. Under such a terrible ordeal, the so-called fire-proof dwelling is apt to collapse like a card-castle, and, even if this calamity does not occur, the volumes of smoke and the tallness of the houses add to the difficulties of rescue. The Americans are such an ingenious people that they surely might devise a plan for minimising a peril which menaces all the inhabitants of their cities during the winter. One obvious method would be to generate the required heat in an isolated building, distributing it thence to a number of houses. Possibly this system is already in partial operation.

GIBRALTAR'S ONE WANT.—Lord Brassey's yachting excursions are so prolific of advantage to the State that they would be well worth paying for, were there occasion. He rarely comes back from a trip without bringing to light some weakness in our Imperial system of defence. The blemish on which he now puts his finger is the absence of a dry dock at Gibraltar. Others have pointed it out before; no doubt the pigeon-holes at the Admiralty are brimming over with similar representations made by naval commanders in the Mediterranean. But the matter is once more forced to the front by one of our great Indian troopships having to steam to Cadiz, in an almost sinking condition, because there was no dock at Gibraltar where she could be repaired. Such mishaps are of constant occurrence, and Lord Brassey has ample warrant, therefore, to question whether the great rock fortress is of much use to the British navy. Of course, the obstacle which "my lords" cannot surmount is the expense. A dry dock large enough to admit first-class battle-ships would cost a heavy sum, perhaps stretching to half a million. But if this work be really essential, as naval experts declare it to be, and if, without it, Gibraltar is of comparatively little worth, John Bull would not grudge the outlay, whatever it might amount to. There is something rather humiliating in the idea of British war-ships which meet with damage near this English port having to go all the way to Cadiz for repairs. Gibraltar no longer commands the Straits, as in the good old times; steam-power has largely diminished its value in that respect, and some even go so far as to suggest that it has no value at all except as a refuge for shipping. That, of course, is rank heresy. But the fact remains, nevertheless, that, without a dry dock and the means for executing repairs, "Gib" is like a one-armed giant.

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THE STANLEY BANQUET AT CAIRO

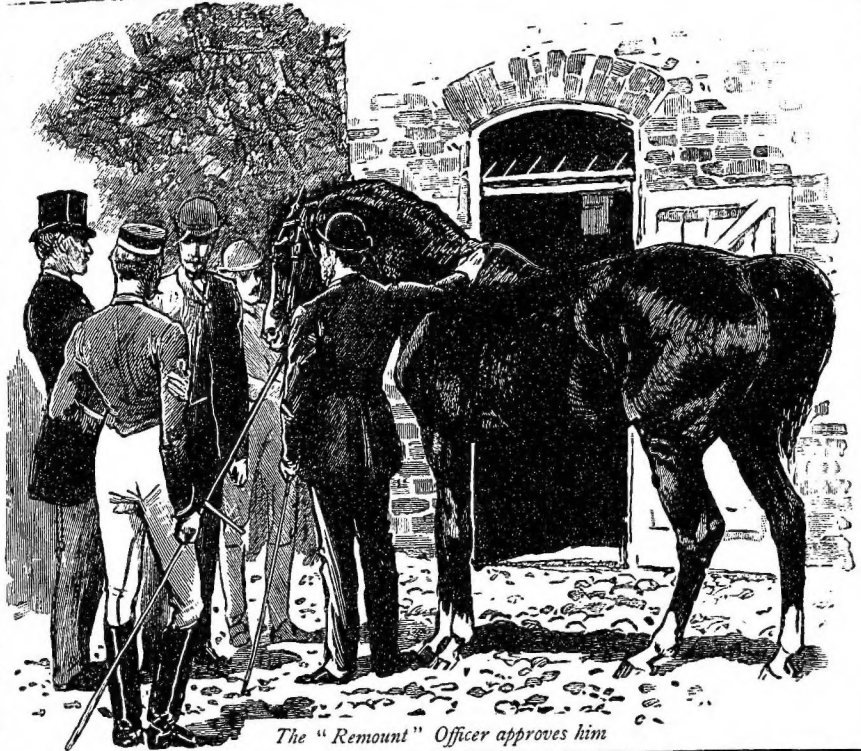
ON the evening of January 20th a banquet was given by the Egyptian Ministry to Mr. H. M. Stanley, at which 140 guests were present, Riaz Pasha presiding. Mr. Stanley was placed on the right, and Mukhtar Pasha on the left of the President. The guests included all the Ministers, Consuls-General, high officials, and leading residents, as well as three British M.P.'s, Messrs. Joseph Chamberlain, Kenrick, and Collings. Riaz Pasha and M. Abbate, President of the Geographical Society, both proposed toasts in honour of Mr. Stanley, who replied in an eloquent and telling speech, delivered in English. He spoke of the alternative routes which had been proposed for the Expedition, arguing that that by the Congo was the only practical one; he spoke of Tippoo Tib, whose services he had engaged, having no commission to fight him, as "a venerable pirate, freebooter, and slave-dealer," and he described the steps he had taken for the rescue of Emin, the vaccination shown by the latter, and the plot which had been formed to sacrifice Emin, himself, and all the officers of the Expedition to the Khartoum Khalifa. Our engraving is from a sketch by Mr. Reginald Barratt, of Cairo. The portrait of Mr. Stanley on our front page is from an etching by Hubert Herkomer, A.R.A., done in 1886, just before the famous traveller left England.

LIFE OF A WAR-HORSE

THE foal gambolling by its mother's side, happily for it, knows no more than we poor mortals what lies in store for it in its brief, but adventurous, life in this world. We see our hero here, first, in happy infancy, with his mother, enjoying the freedom of the fields



Childhood



The "Remount" Officer approves him



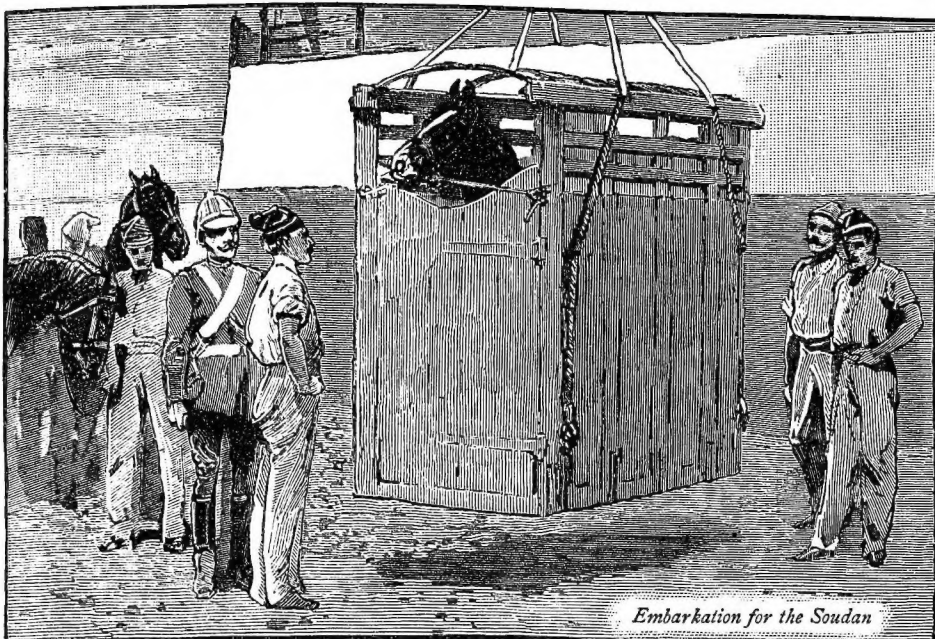
Education



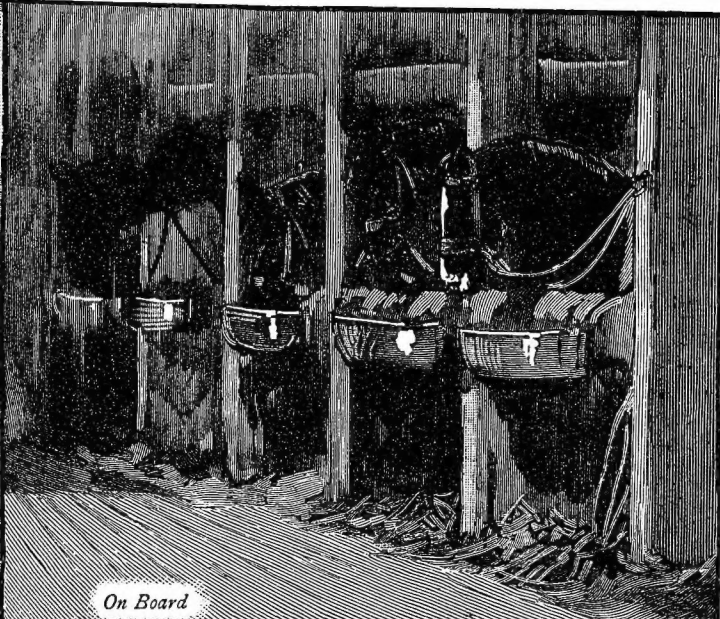
His First Appearance Before Royalty



Toilet



Embarkation for the Soudan



On Board



His First Battle



Death—



or Glory

and the rich pasture in the meadows. Then, by and by, when he is no longer a foal, but grown a handsome horse, his good looks and strong proportions have attracted the attention of one of the gentlemen on the look-out for useful and sound "remounts" for the army. He leaves the farm on which he was bred to go to the riding-school, and, in the skilful hands of a cavalry soldier, is taught his paces and his duties ere he does duty on the drill-ground and on parade. Then soon, perhaps, he proudly carries his rider, with stately step and curved neck, in the march-past at a review before his Sovereign. Then comes the war: his regiment is ordered to Egypt; and, after many a kick and struggle, he is safely got into the horse-box and hauled aboard the steamer, and conveyed to foreign climes. If he has a good passage he has not such a bad time of it—nothing to do, and enough to eat; but rather monotonous, standing or slung in a box too narrow to lie down in. Presently he is ashore, and sent to the front, and then his real work begins. Many a narrow escape he has, and many a scar he gets, charging the savage Arabs in the Soudan. But in time his work is over: a bullet from the long barrel of some Arab gun, or murderous thrust from a spear, brings his stirring life to an end. He dies like a hero, at his post; or—and let us hope this is how the story of our war-horse ends—he returns home with his rider—thin and wan, 'tis true, but covered with laurels, proud of victory, to be cheered through the streets, and petted and cared for by those who knew him ere yet he knew aught of the din of battle or the sound of war.

THE BRITISH AND AMERICAN ARCHÆOLOGICAL SOCIETY OF ROME

THE object of the Society is to promote the study of archæology, especially among English-speaking people. Its library contains valuable works on History, Archæology, and Art. During the winter months lectures are delivered weekly in the rooms of the Society, at 5, Via Gregoriana, and excursions are made, under the guidance of eminent archæologists, to sites of special interest. A journal of the Society's proceedings is published annually. The President is Lord Savile of Rufford, G.C.B., the Secretary, Dr. E. J. Miles, to whom we are indebted for this information; and there are more than a hundred members and associates.

A large and distinguished company was present on the occasion of the opening of the Society's twenty-fifth Session last month. The Marquis of Dufferin and Ava presided, and among those who listened to the eloquent address delivered by Mr. W. W. Story, the well-known sculptor, were Sir John Lintorn Simmons, H.M. Special Envoy to the Pope; Canon Isaac Taylor, of "Christianity and Islam" renown, Mr. Stillman, the correspondent of the *Times*, the Marchesa Passari, and Lady Ellen Gordon. The Empress Frederick had intended being present, but was prevented by the illness of the Empress Augusta.—Our engraving is from a sketch by Mr. Henry Cumming, Studio 3, Via Margutta 48, Rome.

"MADAME LEROUX"

A NEW serial story, by Frances Eleanor Trollope, illustrated by Percy Macquoid, is continued on page 161.

ON THE WAY TO THE TRANSSVAAL, TREAT TO COASTGUARDMEN'S CHILDREN, AND GOOD-BYE TO JAPAN,

See page 165.

"THAT IT MAY PLEASE THEE TO PROTECT ALL FATHERLESS CHILDREN AND WIDOWS"

MR. KING has here chosen a subject possessing that kind of pathetic interest which every one can understand and appreciate. In the early days of her bereavement, before she has discarded her sables, a young and comely widow is always an object of interest; and the interest is enhanced by the spectacle of a fatherless child at her side. But the pathos of the situation is heightened still more when the sorrow-stricken pair are in church engaged in public worship, for then the simple and beautiful words of our Litany seem to gain a living reality in the presence of the widowed mother and the orphaned child.

"HOME"

MR. BRANGWYN'S, too, is a picture which appeals very successfully to the sympathies of an insular population, most of whom have some knowledge of the sea. The scene is one of most familiar occurrence at every seaport, and yet, perhaps, as Robert Browning has acutely observed in one of his poems, its interest strikes us more forcibly when depicted on canvas than when we see the reality. For example, we think of the sentiments which prevail respectively on board the black little tug and her more majestic but comparatively helpless prize as "Home" is neared. The tug-men are quite cool and philosophical, for this going in and out of port is to them a matter of daily recurrence; but on board the vessel towed (the "lime-juicer," as the slang goes for ships which make long journeys) there is no small amount of excitement, partly visible, partly repressed. Some are anticipating the delights of seeing wives or sweethearts, children or friends; others are planning a bout of unseemly revelry; all experience a thrill as they pass into the smooth water of the harbour, and know that before long their feet will actually touch *terra firma*.

LEAVING HOME BY A P. AND O. STEAMER

YONDER we see a couple of figures which tell their own story. Sullenly sits the black sheep of the family, in indifference toying with his cane. The father, who has come to "see him off," stands sadly by the thankless cub, who has evidently been started in life again and again only to fall back into idleness, possibly vice, and become a constant source of anxiety and trouble. This time he is for the "bush." Let us hope he'll stop there! All ocean boats are, of course, subject at any time to the kind of incident now enacting in the corridor of the saloon cabins. An individual who has projected taking a sea trip may have arranged to start at a time when his presence cannot be dispensed with in his native country.

Could we accompany the ship a short way out, we should find the usual routine being pursued by those on board. On the first day, introduced by the Captain to each other, friendships are struck up amongst the passengers, the keels of flirtations are laid, and general amity and goodwill reign supreme. Those who are making their first trip will listen with interest to the knowing ones who claim intimacy with the track, and speak familiarly of "the Bay" and "Gib," &c. The day is passed in easy pleasure; games on deck, cards, chess, music, and the sun is shining. A fortnight at sea, and grave suspicions have arisen in the minds of some that others may not be what they were thought to be. This state of things deepens possibly, until A thinks right to cut B, or openly quarrel with the same, the difference only to be adjusted by the paternal captain, who introduced them to each other, and who now plays the peacemaker. The ship is a small world.

THE BISHOP'S SWIM

THE incident here depicted occurred, so Mr. J. Trinder Evans informs us, at the close of an exceptionally rainy season in the Transkei District, South Africa. The Bishop, after a ride of five hundred miles, had come down to Butterworth to hold a Confirmation. "On the Thursday," says Mr. Evans, "we rode out to call on the Chief Magistrate, six miles away; and, a

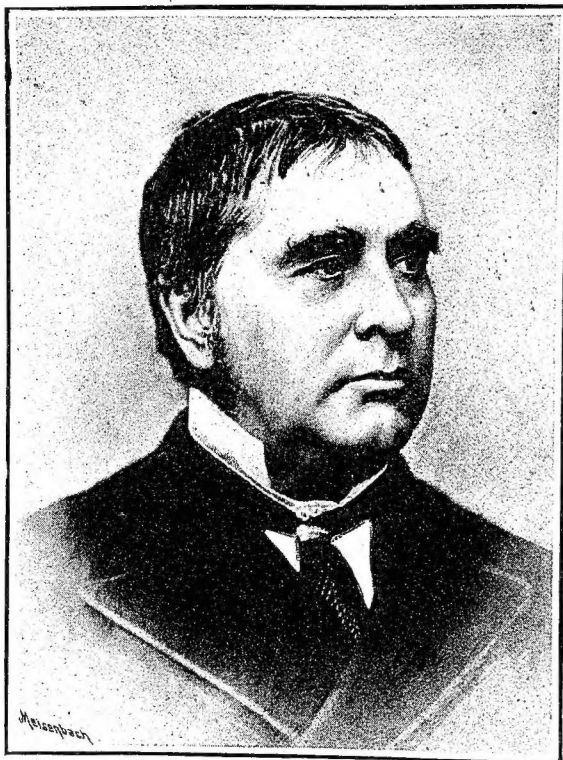
storm coming on, I left his lordship there, and reached my home just as the river was rising. Next morning the stream was quite impassable, and the Bishop found shelter with the doctor, who fortunately lives where patients cannot reach him in the rainy season, and who had already taken in the Reverend Inspector of Native Schools and the Bishop's chaplain. Next morning the Missionary Priest of Butterworth, with his curate, interviewed his lordship at the top of their voices, and all hope of the service being held was given up. But when Sunday came, the Bishop, who was a missionary for many years before his consecration, and the doctor, who is supposed to live on emergencies, planned and executed the manœuvre depicted in the sketch. An Old-Country Bishop would indeed be astonished if, having to conduct a Confirmation Service, he found that between him and his work there was a swollen river, only passable by swimming; and if also a faithful ally (the doctor, to wit), also swimming, brought the episcopal garments after him, towing the rope with his teeth."

ART ON BOARD SHIP

UNLESS our valued correspondent, Mr. C. W. Cole, amiably supposes that the majority of his brother-officers are as clever at sketching as he is himself, one would judge from these engravings that there is among naval men an immense amount of artistic talent, latent or developed. The word "develop" naturally suggests the photographic art, and what a bore it must be for the enthusiast who is "developing" his recent "take" to have a flood of electric light let into his dark chamber by a zealous comrade who has a party of ladies under his wing, and wants them to see everything, "doncherknow." Then, as an officer in uniform is practically pocketless, he is reduced to the same shifts as "The Man in the Iron Mask," and has to draw (should the chance of a telling sketch occur) on his wristbands, or on the white lining of his cocked-hat. Lastly, even when his sketches are made they are not safe, for he entrusts them to the care of a fair friend, and as there is often a breeze on deck, they blow away, as did, in the old yarn, those of the purser's commissions which had no coins laid upon them; and he has to console himself for the loss by the promise of a dance.

SIR WILLIAM GULL

EVEN concerning our contemporaries it is not always easy to obtain correct biographical details. The romantic story of Sir W. Gull's early career has been often related, both before and since his death. Happening by chance to act as a boy-guide to the then resident Governor of Guy's Hospital, the latter, impressed with the lad's good looks and intelligence, got him a presentation to the Blue Coat School, whence he was transferred to the gallipots of Guy's Hospital. Beginning thus, with the humblest offices of pharmacy, he rose, by dint of talent and hard work, to the highest summit of fashion as a physician. This is a pretty story, worthy of a place in Dr. Smiles's "Self-Help" Series; but, unfortunately, if we can trust the memory of Miss M. A. Gull, the sister of the deceased, it is not true. Her father, she says, was never a tenant of Guy's Hospital; her brother was not a pupil at Christ's Hospital, or a partaker of any form of charity, or a clerk at Guy's Hospital. Leaving these matters, let us here state undisputed facts. Sir William Gull was born at Thorpe-le-Soken, Essex, in December, 1816; he



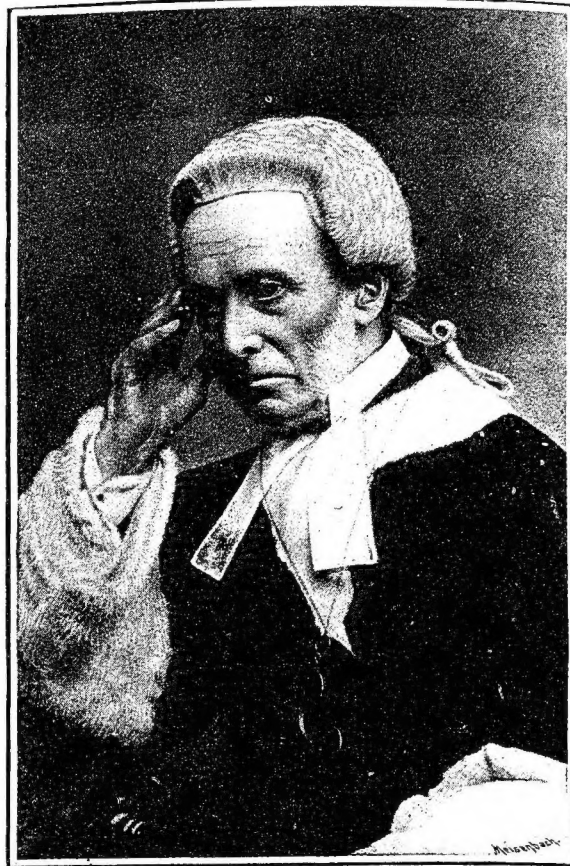
SIR WILLIAM WITHEY GULL, M.D., D.C.L.
Physician Extraordinary to the Queen
Born in December, 1816. Died January 29, 1890

received his medical education at Guy's Hospital, where he successively held numerous important appointments, ending in that of Physician. His name first became widely known to the public when he attended Bishop Blomfield in his last illness in 1857; and this high reputation was further extended when, as Physician in Ordinary to the Prince of Wales, he treated H.R.H. during his attack of typhoid fever in 1871. As an acknowledgment of his great services on this occasion he was made a Baronet, and Physician Extraordinary to the Queen. In 1887 he was made Physician in Ordinary; but in the autumn of that year, while in Scotland, he had a paralytic stroke. After this he never resumed practice, and he died from a further attack of the same malady, on January 29th, at his residence, 74, Brook Street. In 1848, while still a resident official at Guy's Hospital, Sir William married a daughter of Colonel Lacey, of Carlisle. Lady Gull and a son and daughter survive him. The son, now Sir William Cameron Gull, is a barrister; the daughter is married to Dr. Acland, of Brook Street.—Our portrait is from a photograph by G. Jerrard, 107, Regent Street, W.

MR. JUSTICE MANISTY

HENRY MANISTY, a son of the Rev. James Manisty, Vicar of Edlingham, Northumberland, was born at Edlingham in 1808, and educated at the Durham Grammar School. He practised as a solicitor from 1831 to 1845, in which latter year he was called to the Bar at Gray's Inn. He was appointed a Q.C. in 1857, and in 1876 a Judge of the High Court of Justice, when he received the customary honour of Knighthood. While trying a case at the Law Courts on January 24th, he was struck by paralysis, and though at

first he seemed to rally, he died on January 31st, in the presence of his wife and all the members of his family. Sir Henry was twice married; first, in 1831 to Constantia, daughter of Mr. Patrick Dickson of Berwick-on-Tweed (this lady died in 1836); and secondly, in 1838, to Mary Ann, daughter of Mr. Robert Stevenson, also of Berwick-on-Tweed. An eloquent tribute to the memory of the late Judge was paid on Monday in the Lord Chief Justice's Court. The Attorney-General said that during his thirty years on the Northern Circuit he never made an enemy or lost a friend, and



SIR HENRY MANISTY
Judge of the Queen's Bench Division
Born in December, 1803. Died January 31, 1890

that on the Bench he displayed a patient industry, universal courtesy, and untiring consideration. Lord Coleridge spoke of him as a good Judge, a good lawyer, and a good man. He concluded by noting the great judicial qualities of the deceased; his wide learning, his keen sense of duty, his warm and generous nature, his unswerving and incorruptible integrity.—Our portrait is from a photograph by H. J. Whitlock, 11, New Street, Birmingham.

NOTE.—Will R. C. D., who some time ago wrote "Nottingham Fishing," send his address to the Editor?



LORD SALISBURY was well enough to come to town on Wednesday, when, at his residence in Arlington Street, he received all the members of the Cabinet, in view of the opening of Parliament next week.

LORD HARTINGTON's medical advisers have pronounced the improvement in his health to be marked enough to permit of his paying the proposed visit to Egypt. In order, however, to avoid the fatigue of a long land-journey, he will go by sea direct to Ismailia instead of joining a steamer at Brindisi. As already intimated, he will probably not return to England until after the Easter recess.

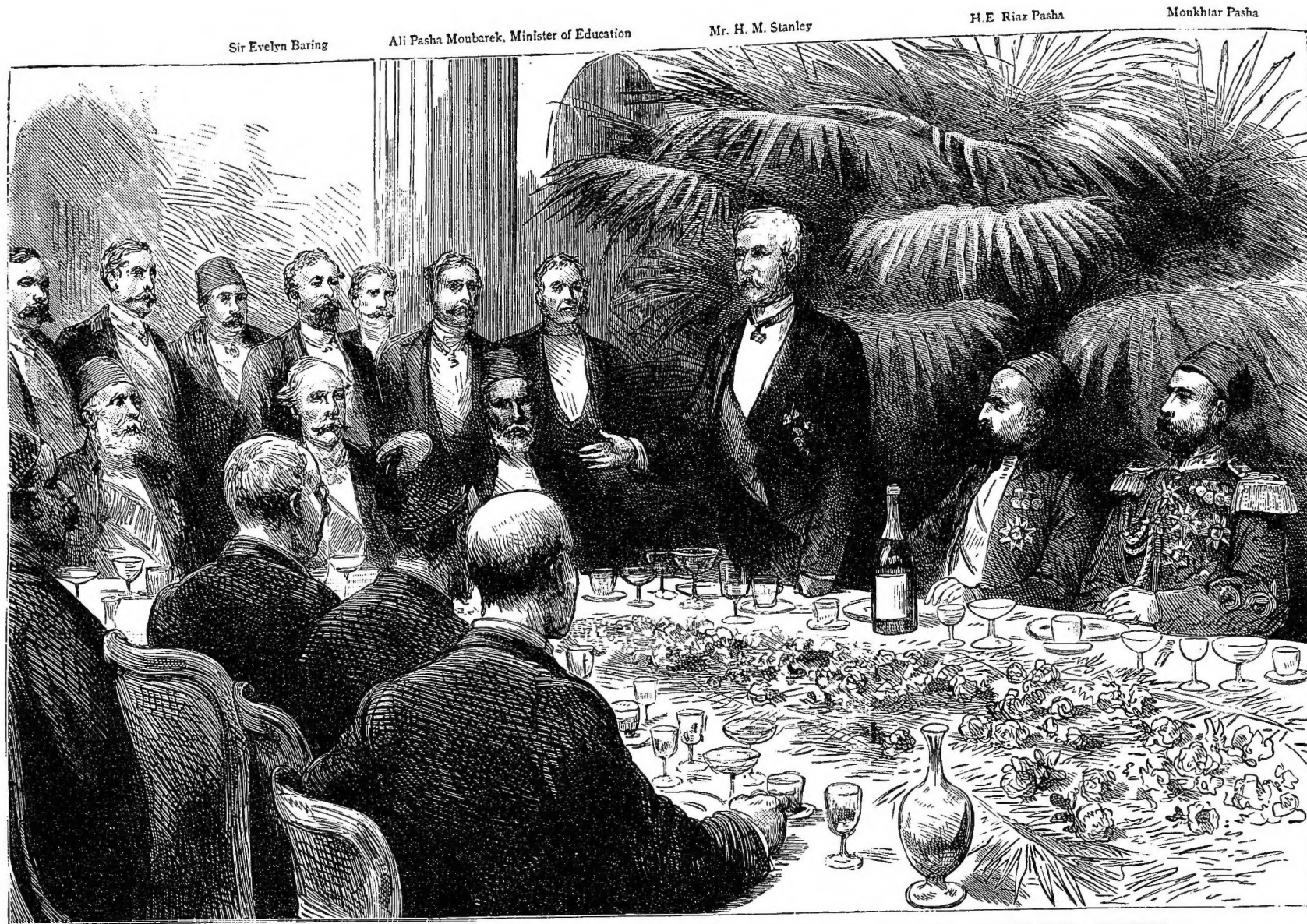
LORD SALISBURY, in a letter to the Chairman of the Manchester Conservative Association, has expressed a most cordial approval of "the very wise as well as generous policy" of the Conservatives of the South-West Division of that city in their determination to support Professor Hopkinson (L. U.), who, under circumstances referred to in this column last week, will oppose the sitting member for the Division, Mr. Jacob Bright (G.), at the next General Election.—Lord Rosebery, in reply to a correspondent, expresses his approval of Mr. John Morley's recent proposal that a peer should be allowed to decline or abandon his seat in the House of Lords, and thus become eligible for a seat in the House of Commons.—In the House of Peers, Lord de Ramsey will move, and the Earl of Stradbroke second, the Address in reply to the Speech from the Throne. In the Commons, the Address will be moved by Mr. Royden, M.P. for the West Toxteth Division of Liverpool, of which city he has been Mayor; and seconded by Lord Brooke, M.P. for Colchester.—The polling in the Partick election is fixed for Tuesday next, February 11th.

THE LONDON COUNTY COUNCIL at its meeting on Tuesday filled up the vacancies in the aldermanic chairs by the election of Professor Stuart, M.P. (who is about to vacate his Professorship of Mechanism and Mechanics in Cambridge University) and Sir Vincent Barrington.

ANOTHER STRUGGLE between capital and labour in East London may prove to have been precipitated by the action of the executive of the Labourers' Union in issuing a ukase forbidding members of the Union from delivering goods, on and after Monday next, unless the vehicles applying for them are driven by men belonging to the Carmen's Union. In resistance to this dictation representatives of the various London docks, wharves, warehouses, and granaries met on Tuesday, and resolved to discharge any of their men who refused under any circumstances to deliver goods. It was also resolved that the employers represented at the meeting should form a union for the protection of their common interests.

THE GENERAL COMMITTEE of the Fund for raising in London a memorial of the late Lord Napier of Magdala met for the first time on Monday under the presidency of the Lord Mayor. An Executive Committee was appointed to consider what form the memorial should take, and to learn Lady Napier of Magdala's views on the subject. Numerous subscriptions were announced. The General Committee has been joined by Lord Salisbury, the Lord Chancellor, the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Secretary of State for War, and Lord Tennyson.

WILD ANIMALS ON BOARD SHIP are awkward passengers to deal with, judging by the experiences of a British vessel recently arrived at Boston from West Africa. The ship carried a cargo of twelve snakes, four hundred parrots and cockatoos, monkeys, a orang-outang, a gorilla, and two crocodiles. Before the vessel had been long at sea the rats ate up the corn provided for the birds, so that all but four of the parrots died from starvation. A gale springing up, the snakes' and the crocodiles' boxes in the hold were so knocked about that the reptiles escaped, and invaded the forecabin, where they fought fiercely for five days, the rats joining the fray. Finally one crocodile alone remained as victor, and he was crushed during the storm by a portion of the cargo falling down. In the confusion the monkeys took to the rigging, and were washed away one by one, while the gorilla managed to wrench off the top of his wooden cage, and seize an iron bar, with which he swept the deck within his reach, although, happily, his chain still held. The negro cook ventured near, hoping to tempt the gorilla with food, but the creature nearly scalped the daring cook, and would not let go till he was stunned by an axe. The crew do not intend to take another voyage with a menagerie.



BANQUET GIVEN BY THE EGYPTIAN GOVERNMENT AT CAIRO IN HONOUR OF MR. STANLEY'S ARRIVAL



MEETING OF THE BRITISH AND AMERICAN ARCHÆOLOGICAL SOCIETY AT ROME UNDER THE PRESIDENCY OF THE MARQUIS OF DUFFERIN

MR. W. W. STORY READING HIS PAPER



DRAWN BY PERCY MACQUOID

All this Mr. Shard said with an intent and frowning face, emphasising the clauses of his speech with sharp raps of his open palm on the table.

"MADAME LEROUX"

"Too early seen unknown, and known too late."—ROMEO AND JULIET.

BY FRANCES ELEANOR TROLLOPE,

AUTHOR OF "AUNT MARGARET'S TROUBLES," "AMONG ALIENS," "LIKE SHIPS UPON THE SEA," "THAT UNFORTUNATE MARRIAGE," &c.

CHAPTER VII.

FOR Mildred the sweet spring days immediately following Lady Charlotte's arrival had been uncloudedly delightful. Her attachment and admiration for her aunt increased daily; and in truth Lady Charlotte was always at her best with Mildred, and the pleasant placid life she had been leading with her dear old governess and her still dearer friend flowed on undisturbed.

Lucy, too, recovered from the depression and anxiety which Lady Charlotte's coming had at first caused her. She felt, indeed, for she was too sensitive and quick-sighted not to perceive it, that she had failed to attract her ladyship's approval. And she smiled in a rather melancholy fashion when Mildred declared, in all good faith, that she was sure Aunt Charlotte liked Lucy very much already, and would soon love her as much as the rest of the family loved her. But Lucy was content to compound for cool disregard, if only Lady Charlotte would leave her alone; if she were only not hostile!

"Well, after all," said Lucy confidentially to Miss Feltham one day, some three weeks after Lady Charlotte's arrival, "you see there have been no changes made. I confess I was nervous."

The governess shook her head. She was thinking of herself, and of how the new régime would affect her.

"I hope all may continue to go on smoothly," she said. "But the Gaunt family are all very determined in following out their own ideas; and I think—I may, of course be mistaken, but I think—that Lady Charlotte has some plan in her head about Mildred which—well, she will certainly carry it out, whatever it is; so it is worse than useless to meet troubles half way, and to anticipate disagreeables."

"There has been no change," Lucy had said. And yet she might have applied to Enderby Court the words of the poet's apostrophe to Rome, and have exclaimed

Thou art no more
As thou hast been!

Sir Lionel was as kind as ever, but she saw him far more rarely than formerly. The little services she had been in the habit of doing for him—copying, arranging papers, making extracts—were no longer performed in the library under his own eye. Lady Charlotte sat with Sir Lionel in the library during that hour before luncheon, when the family had been wont to assemble there. And Lady Charlotte had caused it to be understood that she considered the school-room the proper place for Miss Marston to do her writing

in. Lucy had been accustomed to deck the schoolroom gaily with fresh flowers, and had been allowed to gather freely for that purpose from conservatory and hothouse, as well as from the parterres in the garden on the south side of the house. But now Mr. Campbell, the head-gardener, informed her, with the utmost gentleness and civility—for Mr. Campbell was a kind man, and Miss Marston was a great favourite with him—that my laddy didn't just like having the exotics taken to fill the vases in the schoolroom. Lucy was used to dance along the stately corridors, and up or down the great staircase, with a light and careless step, often singing as she went. Now her gait was sobered, and her voice was hushed; for one could never tell when that tall figure in its black robes, cashmere or silk, satin or velvet, according to the hour and season, but always black, might come sweeping out of some side-door, and strike a chilly awe into the air.

She had not returned to her uncle's house since the morning when Mildred had brought her thence in triumph. But one morning, needing some articles of clothing which had been left at Mr. Shard's, she took the opportunity of Mildred's being absent with Lady Charlotte on an excursion in the neighbourhood, and went down to her uncle's house.

Mrs. Shard was busied in taking down her husband's flannel shirts from the lines stretched across the garden where Mrs. Marston's standard roses had once flourished.

"La, Lucy, is that you?" said her aunt, panting and pressing one hand to her side, as with the other she dragged a heavy clothes basket along the gravel path.

"Yes, Aunt Sarah. But is there no one to assist you? Where is Betsey? Let me help you to lift that basket!"

"Lucy! Not likely, and you in that French merino as good as new! How did you come here? Walking?"

"No, Aunt Sarah. I had to fetch some clothes, and they sent me here in a pony-carriage."

"Oh! Well, you've not come back to stay, at any rate. Let the basket be, Lucy. Betsey will be here directly. And if she isn't, that's not work for you. A pretty thing if the man that drove you from the Court was to see you lugging and hauling at a basket full of damp shirts!"

It occurred to Lucy as odd that her aunt should express no unwillingness to be seen herself thus occupied. But she only laughed, and answered,

"I should not in the least mind his seeing me."
"Ah! There it is, Lucy!" rejoined her aunt, mournfully shaking her head. "But I should mind. And your uncle would

be almost beside himself. Well, I'm glad you haven't come back to stay."

Lucy's face flushed for a moment; and then as the colour faded, she asked slowly,

"Should you find it so very disagreeable to have me here, Aunt Sarah?"

"Oh Lucy, you ought not to talk in that way; agreeable and disagreeable, that's not the question. We've all got to do our duty, and not follow our sinful fancies. As to agreeable, whenever I'm particularly pleased about anything—it isn't often—I begin to be pretty sure there's something wrong in it."

With which cheerful and inspiring profession of faith, Mrs. Shard put the last shirt into the basket, and, with the assistance of Betsey, who had now appeared, carried it into the house.

Lucy stood motionless in the midst of the untidy garden. The paths were moss-grown. The beds were rank with weeds. Nearly all the flowers were dead; and those which remained had lost their beauty, and taken a hopeless, straggling, broken-down air. A small summer-house where Lucy could dimly remember sitting with the gentle woman whom she had called mother, reading words printed in large black letters, from a book full of coloured pictures, had fallen into absolute ruin. A pretty rustic table which had stood there lay shattered on the floor; and the seat had been broken up for firewood.

No one wanted the summer-house; no one used it; not a penny would be spent on keeping up anything so unprofitable. The sun shone brightly on the ruined garden, and a small bird, perched on a lilac tree that overshadowed the summer-house, set up a joyous little warble. The tears gushed into Lucy's eyes. A sense of desolation came upon her; and she felt as if all the roses of her young life had withered.

She hastily dried her eyes, and hid away her handkerchief on hearing her aunt's voice calling to her. "Lucy! Lucy!" cried Mrs. Shard, appearing at the drawing-room window. "Oh, do come in, Lucy! Think of keeping the servant from the Court, and the carriage, and the ponies, while you stand mooning there! I cannot understand why you do it. I really cannot. And here's your uncle come in from the office. He wants to say a word to you."

"Oh, how d'ye do, Lucy?" said Mr. Shard. "Just step into the parlour for a moment, will you?"

Lucy obeyed. Her uncle entered after her. Mrs. Shard was there already, selecting from a pile of garments such as needed buttons, or tapes, or any housewifely repairs.

"Well! And how do you get on up yonder?" said Mr. Shard, briskly.

"Get on? I—oh, very well."

"Oh, you do? Well, that's right, that's right. I fancied from Lady Charlotte's manner—but that's all right; all right!"

"Have you seen Lady Charlotte, uncle?" asked Lucy, with innocently expressed surprise.

"Oh, to be sure! Oh, dear yes! Seen her? Rather! What do you think of her ladyship walking in, and sitting herself down there on that sofa, and chatting for half an hour? She hadn't mentioned it, h'm? Seen her! Oh, Lord, yes!"

"Betsey was ironing, so I opened the door to her," said Mrs. Shard. "I knew in a minute who it was; for I had seen her about in the village. But she didn't know me. 'Is your mistress at home?' she said. And when I told her I was Mrs. Shard, she was quite taken aback, and begged my pardon. I sent for your uncle; for, of course, I am not used to entertain grand people. I have had hard duties all my life, and a struggle to get 'em done. But I always knew this world was a vale of woe, so I expected nothing better—that's one mercy!"

"Oh, yes," resumed Mr. Shard. "Her ladyship came in, and sat herself down on that identical sofa, and talked for the best part of half an hour. I gave her plenty of rope, of course—only just put in a word now and then to keep her going. And I think I've pretty well got her measure!" Mr. Shard chuckled inwardly, and puckered up his eyes with an expression of sly satisfaction.

Lucy was lost in wonder at this act of condescension on the part of Lady Charlotte; and tried—unsuccessfully—to picture her conversing for half an hour with Mr. and Mrs. Shard.

"Now I'll just give you a wrinkle or two, Lucy," said Mr. Shard. "You know the family better than I do, I grant; and you've been brought up with Miss Enderby like a sister. (A great advantage! A wonderful advantage for you, if you have the sense to play your cards well.) But all the same you are very young. You know nothing of the world. Now, I am *not* very young; and there are very few games that would surprise me. I know human nature."

"Ah-h-h!" murmured Mrs. Shard—not very distinctly; for she had a shirt-button in her mouth. "The old Adam!"

"Yes; and the old Eve too! Though she is a puzzler," retorted Mr. Shard; and ceased up his face more than ever, in enjoyment of his own wit. Then all at once becoming perfectly serious, without any appreciable stage of transition between mirth and gravity, he added, "Look here, Lucy! Lady Charlotte in some ways is a cleverer woman than her sister—Lady Jane wasn't an eagle, exactly. But I'll tell you what; she's a deal easier to—well, to gammon, than Lady Jane was."

Lucy remained silent for a moment. Then she said in a low voice, "I think you are mistaken in supposing it would be easy to deceive Lady Charlotte. But, in any case, I need not consider that question, as I certainly have no intention of trying to deceive her."

"Tut, tut! Deceive her! No; of course you don't want to cheat her out of a five pound note, nor to steal her watch. No, no; when I say she is more open to—well, to gammon, than Lady Jane, I simply mean that she has a tremendously high opinion of herself to be worked on. People of her sort are like the Irishman's pig, that could only be got to Limerick by persuading him he was being driven to Cork. Nine times out of ten you can make 'em believe they're going to Cork. Now I saw in a brace of shakes that Lady Charlotte would swallow any amount of koo-too that you could administer to her. Very well! I've no objection. She came in here with her bristles a little bit up—I don't know why. Perhaps she didn't know why. It's as likely as not. But she went away as sleek as satin." Then, very sharply and suddenly, "How does she treat you?"

"Treat me! I have seen very little of Lady Charlotte. She does not come into the schoolroom."

"I dare say! But you are no fool. You can tell chalk from cheese when you like, as well as any girl of your years that I know. Is Lady Charlotte pleasant and affable when you do meet her? In a word, is her manner kind to you?"

"Not very," answered Lucy, after an instant's hesitation.

To an ingenuous young nature, the question direct is almost irresistible, and draws out the truth as a magnet does the needle.

"Ah! Not very kind? That's exactly what I guessed; so you see I was pretty keen-sighted, eh? Now I'll tell you *why* she hasn't been as kind to you as the rest of the family are; the reason is that she is jealous."

"Jealous? Oh, Uncle Jacob, excuse me, but that is really absurd!"

"Fair and softly! There's various kinds of jealousy. Lady Charlotte wants to be A 1 with everybody—first with Sir Lionel—first with her niece—first with the scullery-maid and the cow-boy. She finds you here a first-made favourite. Well, she doesn't like that. She finds Miss Mildred very fond of you, and praising you up to the skies, and she doesn't like that. Thirdly, you haven't koo-too'd to her enough, and she doesn't like *that*."

Lucy was unspeakably pained:—all the more that she recognised some grains of truth in what Mr. Shard said. Still she was sure that he took a distorted view of the case.

"Indeed, Uncle Jacob," she said, eagerly, "it is not like that. Of course I have been properly respectful to Lady Charlotte; and of course, she does not desire servility. It would revolt her."

"*Would* it?" interpolated Mr. Shard, shutting one eye, and elevating the opposite eyebrow.

"I mean—of course, my being at the Court can make no difference to her, any more than if I were a pet spaniel. She—she has not taken a liking to me. I can see that. But it will make little difference. I am too insignificant for Lady Charlotte to bestow much attention on me. That is all."

There was a pause, during which Mr. Shard appeared to meditate, with his thumbs stuck into the armholes of his waistcoat, his legs stretched out before him, and his face turned up towards the ceiling, as he leaned back in his chair, and Mrs. Shard droned on in one of her peculiar soliloquies—a kind of *hortus siccus* of words, with all the sap and colour dried out of them.

"It's what we must all make an account to endure. This is a world of sorrows, and nobody's free. The high have their troubles the same as the low, which gives the believer a peace of mind that passes all understanding."

Mr. Shard withdrew his eyes from the ceiling, sat upright, struck his open hand two or three times lightly, but sharply, on the table, and said,

"Now, Lucy, attend to me. I'm going to give you good advice. That's all I have to give, but it's valuable, if you have the sense to take it. You must flatter Lady Charlotte, and wheedle her, and put your pride in your pocket, or else the good days at Enderby Court are all over for you. Do you understand? I can't have you quarrelling with the people at the Court!"

"Quarrelling!" Lucy burst out, aghast at the word.

"Let me finish. I can't waste my time. I left off in the middle of some office business on purpose to come in and talk to you. It won't suit *me* for you to lose the favour of The Court. We should all be under a cloud together if you were to displease them."

"How can I help it? What can I do?" murmured Lucy. The tears had by this time overflowed her eyes, and her quivering lips were nearly beyond her control, in spite of the strong effort she made to command them.

"I'll explain what you can do. You can behave as if you thought Lady Charlotte Gaunt was the pivot on which everything

turns in Enderby Court—or in the Universe if you like! You can't overdo it. You must be humble and patient. If you are a little afraid of her in reality, no harm in that. In fact, all the better. But let her see it. Don't skulk off, and be shy out of sight and out of mind. It isn't too late yet to bring her round, if you will make the effort. But it will cost an effort, because the first impression has been an unlucky one."

All this Mr. Shard said with an intent and frowning face, emphasising the clauses of his speech with sharp raps of his open palm on the table. Then, rising to his feet, he added, in a lighter and more good-humoured tone,

"Come, come, Lucy, pluck up a spirit! I'll back your wits against my lady's, if you give them fair play. Good-bye, my dear. Don't be downcast! Lord bless me, some girls have to fight their battles all alone, and here you have me to help you and give you a hint at any moment. Good-bye, my dear. I must be off. And hint at any moment. Good-bye, with his hand on the knob of the door—"don't forget to let her fancy she's going to Cork! Ha, ha, ha. Good-bye, my dear child. Tell her she's going to Cork, and you may drive her anywhere!"

CHAPTER VIII.

It was half-past six o'clock in the evening; some clouds which had overspread the sky as the sun declined, made the spring twilight duskier than usual; a bright fire burned in the school-room. It was the interval of repose before dressing for dinner. Active occupations were suspended; it was too dark to see to read within the room, and yet there was still so much grey daylight outside the windows as made the idea of the lamp seem impertinent. It was a lazy, pensive, pathetic hour, such as affects some natures with melancholy, like the chiming of distant bells.

Miss Feltham was not much susceptible to such influences. She was only melancholy when she had some *real* cause to make her so, she was fond of saying—with an implied assumption of superiority over those vague persons who were made melancholy by causes which they could not clearly define. She was not melancholy at this moment, for the work of the day was done; she was reposing in her own special chair, and she was listening, with closed eyes, to Lucy, as she softly played remembered fragments of Beethoven—wandering on from one to another, and binding them together with an instinctive touch of art. Miss Feltham's consciousness plunged from time to time into that delicious dreamy state which is the nearest possible approach to knowing that you are asleep and enjoying it! She was just losing this sense of enjoyment, and was falling asleep in earnest, when the sound of a subdued and measured voice woke her as effectually as if it had been the peal of a trumpet. The voice was Lady Charlotte's, and it said, quietly—

"You have no lights here yet."

Lucy, in sheer nervousness, started up from the piano like a detected culprit.

"Oh, Aunt Charlotte, is that you?" cried Mildred. Mildred was the only person in the house absolutely free from awe or subjection in her aunt's presence. "Oh, do come in! This is delightful! You are just in time to hear Lucy play." She took her aunt's hand and drew her towards the seat opposite to Miss Feltham's. "No lamps yet, please. It still wants half an hour to dressing time. Let us be happy and lazy. I love music in the twilight—don't you? Go on, Lucy."

Lucy stood perfectly still beside the piano. Miss Feltham half rose, and offered her chair to the visitor.

"No, no; I will not allow you to move, Miss Feltham," said Lady Charlotte in her low, guttural tones. "I am quite happy here," and she took the seat her niece had indicated.

There was a short silence, while Mildred nestled down on the rug near her aunt. Then she called out again, "Go on playing, Lucy! Why do you stand there like a ghost?"

"Perhaps it may disturb Lady Charlotte," answered Lucy, hesitatingly.

Mildred laughed, as she exclaimed, "Lucy is *such* a goose sometimes! You wouldn't believe, Aunt Charlotte, that she is as diffident about what she can do as if she were a perfect dunce." Then in a lower, confidential tone, "She does play so beautifully! You will hear."

Lucy lingered a second, as if she thought that Lady Charlotte might yet say some gracious and encouraging word. None came, and the girl sat down to play with a pain at her heart. She played that lovely little melody from Schumann's "Kinderscenen" which the composer has named *Erinnerung*, and she played with an intensity of feeling that astonished her new hearer.

"Now is that not lovely, Aunt Charlotte?" said Mildred.

"You have an unusual amount of expression," said Lady Charlotte. The words were words of praise, but the tone in which they were uttered was so indescribably—almost insolently—cold and indifferent, that Lucy felt something like a physical chill.

"Oh, but you haven't half heard her yet, Aunt Charlotte!" cried Mildred, delighted. "That is charming, but of course it is only a simple little piece; she can play more brilliant things. Go on, Lucy!"

Lucy sat like a statue.

"Lucy! Are you asleep?"

"No, dear; but I do not think Lady Charlotte wishes me to play again." The gathering twilight veiled Lucy's flushed cheek and glittering eyes, but there was a thrill in her voice which told of emotion. In a word, her temper was roused—she was indignant. Not an intonation of Lady Charlotte's disdainful voice had escaped her; she understood her words and her silence equally well. This treatment was not only ungenerous, but flagrantly unjust. She resolved that her fingers should not draw another sound from the instrument in Lady Charlotte's presence, except at Lady Charlotte's express request.

This was not only imprudent enough to have made Mr. Shard tear his hair at such folly, could he have known of it, but it was, of course, unbecoming a model young lady. Poor Lucy was far enough from being a model; she was capable of hot anger, and of strong resentment.

"Oh, really! This is too funny!" said Lady Charlotte, languidly. She, too, perfectly understood the little duel that was going on. But Mildred did not understand it at all.

"Of course, she wishes you to play again! Don't you, Aunt Charlotte? How can you be so silly, Lucy?" said Mildred.

Lucy did not stir.

The elder woman felt that this kind of struggle of obstinacy, such as might have taken place between two school-girls, was too undignified for her to persist in. She had so much the superior position, that she could lose nothing by yielding.

"Miss Lucy Marston, will you be so very obliging as to play once more? I hope that is sufficiently categorical?" she said, with a little laugh, which made the words sting like whipcord.

"What shall I play?" asked Lucy, in a quivering voice.

"What *can* you play?" returned Lady Charlotte. "I suppose you know nothing of the great modern schools of pianoforte music?"

"As for instance?" answered Lucy, still in a glow of indignant anger.

"Brahms, for instance!"

Without a word Lucy dashed into the Ballade in D, by that composer. And although it is to be feared that temper was answerable

for several wrong notes, it undoubtedly imparted considerable spirit to the performance.

"There, Aunt Charlotte!" exclaimed Mildred, radiant with affectionate pride in her friend.

"You have very considerable *dispositions*, as the French say, for the pianoforte. Of course, there is some want of finish,—of school. Who has taught you?" said Lady Charlotte, in the same distant tone of boredom, that she had spoken in before.

"I grounded her," Miss Feltham declared, complacently. "I don't profess to be a brilliant pianist, but I did ground her thoroughly. She has only had a few finishing lessons from the music-master at S— (naming the county town)."

"Really!" murmured Lady Charlotte.

Then with the air of a person whose patience and condescension have been tried to the utmost, and who turns for refreshment to a more congenial subject, she said, "And now Mildred, let me hear you play."

"Me! Oh, Aunt Charlotte, I'm not worth listening to."

"My dear child, you are worth *my* listening to. Do you suppose I came here to be amused as at a concert? I want to put you through your paces; to find out where you stand."

"Oh! Very well, Aunt Charlotte. Let me see! I only know one piece by heart, that piece Lucy taught me, you know, Elfy."

And Mildred sat down obediently, and played through a simple composition in a style which certainly did not rise above mediocrity.

"Thank you, dear Mildred. I see. You will probably never be a very dashing pianist. But one can scarcely tell yet. It is all undeveloped. At all events, you play like a gentlewoman; quite unaffectedly. And as to languages, now?" pursued Lady Charlotte. "French, I presume, you are fluent in? And German—?"

Miss Feltham began to fidget nervously in her chair. This was evidently intended to be a serious kind of examination! Lady Charlotte conducted it with as cool an indifference to Miss Feltham's presence as though the governess were a casual visitor, in no way responsible for Mildred's education.

Mildred answered with placid frankness that she did not speak either language fluently; and that she could not read two pages of German without a dictionary.

"How is this, Miss Feltham?" inquired Lady Charlotte. "You know German well! You were educated in Germany, if I remember rightly!"

"Oh, it isn't Elfy's fault if I don't speak German like a Hanoverian," interposed Mildred. "Lucy speaks its beautifully. She has a wonderful ear for languages."

It was the same with everything else. To all her aunt's questions about her studies, Mildred returned very modest reports of her own proficiency, but invariably added that Lucy excelled in everything she undertook. These replies were not calculated to soothe Lady Charlotte. They even irritated Miss Feltham, who could not help saying every now and then—

"Mildred, you really underrate what you can do!" Or "You cannot compare your progress with Lucy's, who is three years older."

But Mildred refused to avail herself of any excuses of this kind, and answered with inflexible sincerity—

"Yes; but you know, Elfy, that Lucy was far in advance of what I am now when *she* was fifteen."

Besides the admiring loyalty to her friend, which was thoroughly genuine, it must be owned that there was a little touch of spoilt-child perversity in Mildred's persistent praises of Lucy. She perceived—although by no means realising the intensity of the sentiment—that Aunt Charlotte was a little jealous of Lucy's superiority in all the accomplishments they had studied together. It gave her a sense of power—not more serious or weighty than that of a kitten with a ball—to find that she could move this stately Aunt Charlotte, whom everybody was in awe of, by these little strokes of her paw. So she made them. Such enjoyment of a mild kind of mischief is by no means uncommon in very placid natures, and is not—at all events, it is not at Mildred's age—incompatible with a great deal of simplicity.

That evening marked a distinct stage in the growth of Lady Charlotte's antipathy to Lucy Marston. No doubt the antipathy would have grown in any case. Such sentiments do not remain stationary. But that special evening made an epoch from which to reckon. It had also a result which was unlucky for Lucy—it set Lady Charlotte's conscience very much at ease by justifying her dislike of the girl.

Lucy Marston in a few years' time would become intolerable. Already her ascendancy over Mildred was much to be regretted. It was a great pity that the girl was so entirely different, in good sense and right feeling, from the Shards. But of course she had been fatally spoilt at The Court. The only remedy was to remove her from it as soon as might be.

Mr. Shard, whose entire deference to her opinion had impressed her ladyship very favourably, had expressed his willingness to put Lucy in the way of earning her bread away from Westfield, if Lady Charlotte desired it.

"It is to be desired in her own interests, I should say," Lady Charlotte had answered; "since you tell me she has no inheritance to look to."

"Not a penny, not a penny, my lady! My wife and I have been at considerable charges on her account already. I don't complain of that; we wish to do what our religious feelings prompt, but our means are inadequate. Westfield is a poor little place, and if it wasn't for some small employment which Sir Lionel is good enough to give me now and then, I don't know how I should get on. I hope your ladyship will be so kind as to say a word for me in season? Your patronage would be highly valued and gratefully received."

The kind of bargain thus implied was perfectly well understood on both sides; and Lady Charlotte began to consider how she could approach the subject with Sir Lionel. It would be very simple to go straight to him and desire him to dismiss Miss Marston from his house. Lady Charlotte had no lack of arguments in her own mind to support such a course; but she would not risk failure. She would wait awhile, and exercise a little diplomacy; meanwhile she would certainly say a word to her brother-in-law in favour of Mr. Shard.

She took the opportunity of doing so one afternoon when they were driving out together. Sir Lionel was in a peculiarly happy frame of mind. He had that morning received a courteous request from a famous Oxford don to be allowed to see certain marginal annotations made in an edition of *Æschylus* by a very great classical scholar—a German Professor, now deceased. The annotations had been known to exist, and the volume had been traced from a great book-sale to Sir Lionel Enderby's library.

"The volume is one of very considerable value in itself," said Sir Lionel. "The great Stanley edition of 1664 in folio; and these notes make it, of course, unique. There is some risk in sending it to Oxford."

"Why should you do that? I would, if I were in your place, simply have the notes carefully copied, and forward *them*. In that way you would be running no risk."

"No, no, no," murmured Sir Lionel. "That would not be the same thing to Dr. Lux by any means. He wants to see the notes on the very page where they stand; to compare the text; oh, I understand all that. A fellow-feeling, you know! As a student

myself—a student who has acquired some little scholarly reputation—I can only respond fully and freely to such an appeal. To do less would be churlish."

In a word, Sir Lionel was so delighted with the incident, that Lady Charlotte began to fear it would be impossible to secure his attention for any other topic during their drive. But, at length, having postponed the subject she had at heart with a degree of patience which would much have astonished any one who had only known her in her wilful and imperious girlhood—she managed to make a diversion.

"Great wealth is a great burthen," said she, "and involves anxieties and responsibilities which the vulgar never can understand. But certainly it is among the privileges of wealth to have such a library as yours."

"It is not wholly a question of wealth, my dear Charlotte," he had dropped the use of her title by his sister-in-law's express request. "Not wholly that. My own library has really, when one comes to think of it, cost a very moderate sum in proportion to my means."

"Of course you have men of business—stewards—agents—people of that sort, on whom you can entirely rely?" said Lady Charlotte, rather quickly. She had got out of the library with a handsome compliment, and she wanted to shut the door behind her, and proceed.

"Oh? Oh, yes; oh, certainly. Mr. Bates is a very capable man."

"He is only the steward, is he not? Is there no one of more authority—I mean whose duties and responsibilities are more extended—what is called an agent?"

"No. There is no need of any one else. The landed property is not large. It lies almost in a ring fence. From the way in which my father made his money, the bulk of my fortune is naturally not in land. He bought this place, and rebuilt and re-christened the house when they gave him the baronetcy."

Sir Lionel always spoke of his origin with the most absolute truthfulness and simplicity, when the subject arose.

"Of course there must be a great deal of law business to be done," said Lady Charlotte, after a very short pause.

"Well, not much on the Westfield property—a few leases, and obits and ends. Of course I am only speaking of this estate. As to my other investments, all my business is transacted by Smithers and Tuck, of Lincoln's Inn Fields."

"Yes; of course that is different. There is a lawyer in the village, a man of the name of Shard, who seems to have the reputation of being a good working man of business."

"Shard? Oh, yes. We know all about Shard. A very inferior man to his late partner and predecessor, poor Marston."

"Inferior? In what way?"

"Well—in every way, I should say. Marston was a man of very pleasing presence, and good address. This fellow, as it will not take you long to discover, if you ever come across him, is quintessentially coarse and vulgar."

"I have come across him. I have spoken with him."

"Oh! Well, then, you don't need my information on that point," returned Sir Lionel, quietly.

"Have you ever seen much of these people?—the Marstons and the Shards?" asked Lady Charlotte.

"Well—no; not personally. Marston was a very shy, reserved man; peculiarly so. As to this Mr. Shard, I don't suppose I have spoken to him five times in my life. Of course I always salute him when I see him, and so on. But you know my health has never allowed me to mix actively with the people here."

"Do you know, Lionel," said Lady Charlotte, after a pause, "I think you scarcely do the Shards justice. Since you tell me you know so little of them personally, I may venture to say so to you. Of course the man is unpolished. But one does not expect high breeding. But both he and his wife have a good deal of right feeling."

"Have they? Well I'm glad to hear it," replied Sir Lionel, good-naturedly, but a little absently. He was mentally composing his letter to the Oxford don.

"And a very proper sense of the advantage they derive from your patronage. Mr. Shard is an energetic man in his business; not afraid of hard work, evidently."

Her ladyship did not consider the moment opportune for mentioning that Mr. Shard was so little afraid of work as to have given her several broad hints that he would be glad to undertake a considerable portion of Mr. Bates's business in addition to his own.

"If you will do me the favour to come into the library, Charlotte," said Sir Lionel, as they drove up the avenue leading to Enderby Court, "I will show you the rough draft of my letter to Mr. Lux. That is to say, if it interests you at all."

"It interests me very much, indeed," answered Lady Charlotte. She was pleased, and she would have been still better pleased had she known the fact that, four weeks ago, that rough draft would certainly have been submitted to Lucy Marston.

(To be continued)



CREAMERIES are increasing in number, and as they increase, the consumers of dairy produce benefit. Some farmers deliver their cream at the creamery, and are paid by weight or measure. Others have their cream churned separately, and are paid according to the produce in butter. The first plan is the easiest, saves most trouble, and is the most compatible with "strictly cash basis," but the second is necessary in cases where a farmer keeps a pure strain of dairy cows, and has cream of high quality. A third plan, and one which is gaining in favour, is for the farmer to bring the whole milk to the creamery twice a day—just after it is milked, and run through a refrigerator to cool it, and prevent its spoiling on the journey—get it at once separated by the centrifugal-separator, and take back with him the skim milk, which he can usually turn to better account on his farm than could be done by the creamery. The uniformity of quality in the butter is a great advantage to creameries.

SHEEP FEEDING.—An interesting experiment has just been carried through in Norfolk. Two lots of thirty Southdown ewe lambs as nearly equal in quality as possible were penned side by side, with abundance of space, in a suitable field. They were fed for one hundred and twelve days. Each pen received an equal quantity of chaffed clover hay and of cut swedes, but while the first pen received linseed cake containing 15½ per cent. of oil, the second was fed on cake containing 6½ per cent. of oil only. The hay supplied was of fixed quantity, but each lamb had as much cut swedes as it cared to eat. At the end of the experiment it was found that the thirty sheep in the first pen had increased in live weight 1,148 lbs., as compared with an increase of 1,002 lbs. in the second pen. And now comes the vital question for farmers. Was the extra cost of the richer cake compensated by the 146 lbs. extra weight in the sheep? The answer from market price lists is clear; the richer feeding was by far the most profitable in the end.

COUNTY NOTES.—The Durham Agricultural Society report

for 1889 an expenditure of 2,358*l.* against a revenue of 2,579*l.* The balance of 221*l.*, with which a new year has been begun, shows that losses in Agricultural Societies were by no means universal in 1889. The Royal, the Gloucestershire, and other unsuccessful Societies—we speak of course of financial results alone—might do worse than ask the Durham Society "How do you manage it?" Agricultural lectures, which recently proved a failure in Norfolk, have been conspicuously successful in Ayrshire. Are Scotch farmers more teachable than East Anglian agriculturists, or are they shrewder in their choice of lectures and lecturers? An important Agricultural Show will take place at Winchester this summer. Special classes will be formed for Kerries and Dexter Kerries, and for brood mares suitable for breeding hackneys, these being the lines on which Berkshire and Hampshire breeders have recently been advancing.

BARLEY.—The good averages quoted for barley at a time when wheat was not paying its way have naturally attracted a good deal of attention from farmers, and may easily lead to an extension of the barley acreage this spring. It may be doubted, however, if the area of land really filled for fine barley-growing greatly exceeds that already devoted to it. Early sowing upon land which has been manured in good time beforehand is held by many farmers to be the best guarantee of fine malting quality in the crop; if this be so, there is no time to be lost in preparing the land now. Top-dressing increases the yield per acre, but has a bad effect upon the malting quality. The growth of good barley will probably be profitable; so long, at least, as the taste for malt liquor endures. But the good secondary barley produced by foreign countries reduces the profit on all but the really fine home lots until third-rate barley of home-production has to be sold at a positive loss.

JANUARY SALES of English wheat at the Statute Markets varied between 31,782 qrs. and 79,683 qrs. weekly, and the total sales for the United Kingdom have been estimated at 750,000 qrs. against 1,250,000 qrs. in December. If the returns be regarded as more full and complete than they used to be, some allowance from these totals must be made on that account. Of barley the weekly sales at the Statute Markets have varied between 67,221 qrs. and 138,077 qrs.; for the first time since harvest there has been one week (January 25th), when barley sales were smaller than for the corresponding week of the previous cereal year. Sales of oats off the farm have been exceptionally heavy, the lowest weekly return being 10,022 qrs., and the highest 16,669 qrs.; the septennial average has been on weekly sales of 11,778 qrs. The mean price of English wheat has been 30*s.* 1*d.* (4*s.* below the average), of barley 32*s.* 2*d.* (2*s.* 2*d.* above the average), and of oats 18*s.* 7*d.* (2*d.* above the average).

TITHE AVERAGES.—Each 100*l.* of tithe rent-charge will for the year 1890 amount to 78*l.* 1*s.* 3½*d.*, being on the commutation 2½ per cent. less than last year. The following shows the worth of 100*l.* tithe rent-charge for the last seven years:—1884, 98*l.* 6*s.* 2½*d.*; 1885, 93*l.* 1*s.* 3½*d.* (a big fall); 1886, 90*l.* 10*s.* 3½*d.*; 1887, 87*l.* 8*s.* 10*d.* (the first drop below 90*l.* on record); 1888, 84*l.* 2*s.* 8½*d.*; 1889, 80*l.* 19*s.* 8½*d.*; and 1890, 78*l.* 1*s.* 3½*d.* (the first recorded fall below 80*l.* level.) The average value of 100*l.* tithe rent-charge for the eighty-four years since the Tithe Commutation Act is 101*l.* 2*s.* 3½*d.*

THE BATH AND WEST OF ENGLAND SOCIETY have forwarded us their annual report for 1889, from which we gather, (1) that the Agricultural Show at Exeter yielded 460*l.* nett profit, (2) that the nett gain on list of members for the year is 166, (3) that special prizes will be awarded in 1890 for the encouragement of good preserving of fruit and for appliances for packing fresh fruit, and (4) that the Society continues to be a general model of good working and good management.

OUR FLOCKS AND HERDS are doing well, and this side of the agricultural picture is decidedly encouraging, despite the prevalence of pneumonia in certain districts. Good hay and plenty of roots have enabled the flocks to get on famously, despite the rain and the high winds, which have not, however, been bitter or from an ungenial quarter. A brisk demand for fresh wether tegs, for weaning calves, for cows in full profit, and for agricultural horses at every stage, from early colthood to maturity, witnesses to the general desire to add to the stock of the farm. A Norfolk farmer tells us that he has enough hay, all grown on his own farm, to carry him through another winter. This causes agriculturists to wish they had more stock.

FORESTRY.—The annual lumber and underwood sale of the Duke of Somerset's estates was held at Maiden Bradley last Thursday week, and the prices realised were such as to encourage those models of patience, the men who plant trees which for many years yield them no return on the land at all. Saplings at this sale, however, were in rapid demand at good prices, underwood fetched up to 12*l.* per acre, oak made an average of 1*s.* 6*d.* per foot, the best elm 1*s.* 3*d.*, and ordinary 1*s.* Not a stick remained unsold.



I.

PROFESSOR HUXLEY, in the *Nineteenth Century*, under the heading of "Natural Rights and Political Rights," gives us a trenchant criticism of the theories which find favour with Mr. Henry George and his friends.—Interesting, too, is Mr. Henry B'ackburn's paper on the "Illustration of Books and Newspapers." His view is that, "with the means now at command for reproducing any lines drawn or written, the correspondent is not thoroughly equipped if he cannot send them as suggested"—the writer propounds a plan—"by telegraph or by letter. It is all a matter of education, and the newspaper reporter of the future will not be considered complete unless he is able to express himself pictorially as well as verbally. Then, and not till then, will our complicated language be rescued from many obscurities by the aid of lines other than verbal."—Persons concerned for the social and intellectual progress of the East End will find much cheering information in Sir Edmund Hay Currie's article on "The Working of 'The People's Palace.'"—Other articles to be mentioned are "The Future of Russia in Asia," by Arminius Vambéry; "A Chinese View of Railways," by Fung Yee; and "The Glut of Junior Officers in the Army," by General Sir John Adye.

We may commend to people who have any qualms about the childish and impudent vapourings at Lisbon to read Mr. Daniel J. Rankin's "The Portuguese in East Africa," which begins this month's *Fortnightly*. If the ex-Premier peruses it, such is his consistency, warmheartedness, and sincerity, he will surely raise the old "bag and baggage" cry against Lusitanian rule on the coast of Mozambique.—For those who enjoy scathing criticism and the dry humour which acts as so withering a blight on humbug, "Mr. Labouchere: The Democrat," by Mr. W. H. Mallock, should certainly be a treat. We have no space for even an outline of the lucid and damning argument. He expresses himself plainly. "The ideas of Radicalism," he observes, in one place, "are gases generated in the section of the middle-class that is at once earnest and silly. The most typical man of his class is probably Mr. Stead, who for the last ten years has been the Dancing Dervish of journalism, but who now seems to have handed over the dirtiest part of his mantle

to the editor of the *Star* and his subordinates."—The political Baboo is very ably dealt with by Mr. Rudyard Kipling in "One View of the Question;" and Lady Dilke is to be read on "Art Teaching and Technical Schools."

A suggestive paper, "The Road to Australian Federation," by Sir C. Gavan Duffy, opens the *Contemporary*. "The keynote of British politics just now," said an eminent man to this writer lately, "is that it is parochial. If it desires anything it plots to obtain it, like a Vestryman, below the market price." The tendency is to let things drift. In Sir Gavan's view, if we want anything that would confessedly be a great gain—the federation of the colonies, for example, the federation of the Empire, or the pacification of Ireland—the partisans of the scheme assure us that it is will cost next to nothing, while its opponents clamour that if this disastrous thing be done the British taxpayer will, mayhap, have to disburse another penny in the pound. "Our financing," he writes, "may be 'according to Cocker,' but it has ceased to be according to Chatham."—There is a reply to Mr. Sidney Webb's recent article by Mr. R. B. Haldane, O.C., M.P., entitled "The Eight Hours Question." Mr. William Spence writes "Some Recollections of a Voyage with General Gordon;" and Archdeacon Farrar discourses about "Bishop Lightfoot."

In the *New Review* there is an article by Mr. Hamilton Aidé, containing much that is true, if not new, about "The Deterioration of English Society." "To remember the ignoble efforts," he remarks, "made by persons of good position to add another name to their overgrown list of acquaintances, whenever a new Mæcenas rises on the social horizon, is to measure the depths of degradation to which London has fallen of late. It is not so in Berlin, Vienna, and Rome." Even Republican Paris, in his opinion, is more exclusive than we are. Under the serial heading "Studies in Character," we have "Mr. Charles Stewart Parnell" evidently limned by the hand of a friend. It is interesting to learn that the hero who has been victorious over Pigott, and has shown such nice taste in the manner of his triumph, will never sit in a room where three candles are alight, and green, though his patriotic hue, he has always professed to hold unlucky. He is said by the writer to be very superstitious, so perhaps he has occasional moments of uneasiness at the omen of his two Christian names. His namesake was as ingenious as himself, set Ireland and England by the ears, and prepared the conditions which made Cromwell a necessity.—Mr. G. Wyndham, M.P., opens the *Review* with a paper, "Is the Game Worth the Candle?" on the political situation.

To the *National Review* Sir G. Molesworth contributes an article on "Political Economy and Strikes:" while Earl Fortescue writes on "Local Government for Ireland."—More interesting to many people will perhaps be found "The Fairy Mythology of Ireland," by Mr. C. S. Boswell.

The latest number of the *Universal Review* is not a very brilliant one. It opens, however, with an interesting paper on "Democracy and Progress," by Mr. Frank Hill. He is probably quite right in thinking that though the working classes have their doctrinaires, they do not pay so much heed to doctrinaire talk as observers more highly placed, who think it means something, while workmen know it means nothing.—There is also, from the pen of Mr. H. D. Traill, a humorously-fanciful contribution entitled "The Armourer of the Twentieth Legion."

Although the realm of the Mikado has been very much "done," most people will find Mr. John La Farge's "An Artist's Letters from Japan" in the *Century* enjoyable. The human beings are not the novelty, he observes, not even the Japanese; what is absorbingly new is the light—its whiteness, its silvery milkiness. This is how he describes what he first saw in Yokohama Bay, when he came on deck in the morning:—"The sea smooth like the brilliant blank paper of the prints; a vast surface of water reflecting the light of the sky as if it were thicker air. Far off, streaks of blue light, like finest washes of the brush, determined distances. Beyond, in a white haze, the square white sails spotted the white horizon and floated above it."—"The Realm of Congo" is described by Mr. W. P. Tisdal, the Commissioner of the United States, and by Mr. E. J. Glave, one of Stanley's former officers.—Mr. Charles J. Woodbury gives us "Emerson's Talks with a College Boy," a portrait of the great writer forming the frontispiece of the *Century*.

The prominent feature in this month's *Harper* is "The Standing Army of Great Britain," by Lord Wolseley. It is a historical as well as descriptive essay, and the striking illustrations of Mr. Caton Woodville show us Cromwell at Marston Moor and Marlborough at Malplaquet. "The officer of to-day," writes Lord Wolseley, "is a far better soldier in every way than his predecessors of thirty or forty years ago. In future, it is intended only to accept men as officers on probation. The period of this probation is to be three years, and if, at the expiration of that period, or at any time within it, the young officer be found wanting in zeal, energy, ability, tact, or character, he will be ruthlessly discharged. The nation cannot afford to pay useless officers, and, above all things, it must not allow them to be intrusted with the lives of gallant soldiers."—Mr. Richard Wheatley has an instructive article on "The New York Banks."—Mark Twain makes some amusing comments on an old medical work in "A Majestic Literary Fossil."

Mr. William Morris opens the *English Illustrated* with a ballad of mediæval times entitled, "The Hall and the Wood."—"The Professor's Piano," a clever short story by Miss Clementina Black, has a novel groundwork.—Sir Julian Goldsmid, M.P., gives us his impressions of California in "To 'Frisco." He was delighted with the scenery, and the general cordiality and hospitality of our Transatlantic cousins.

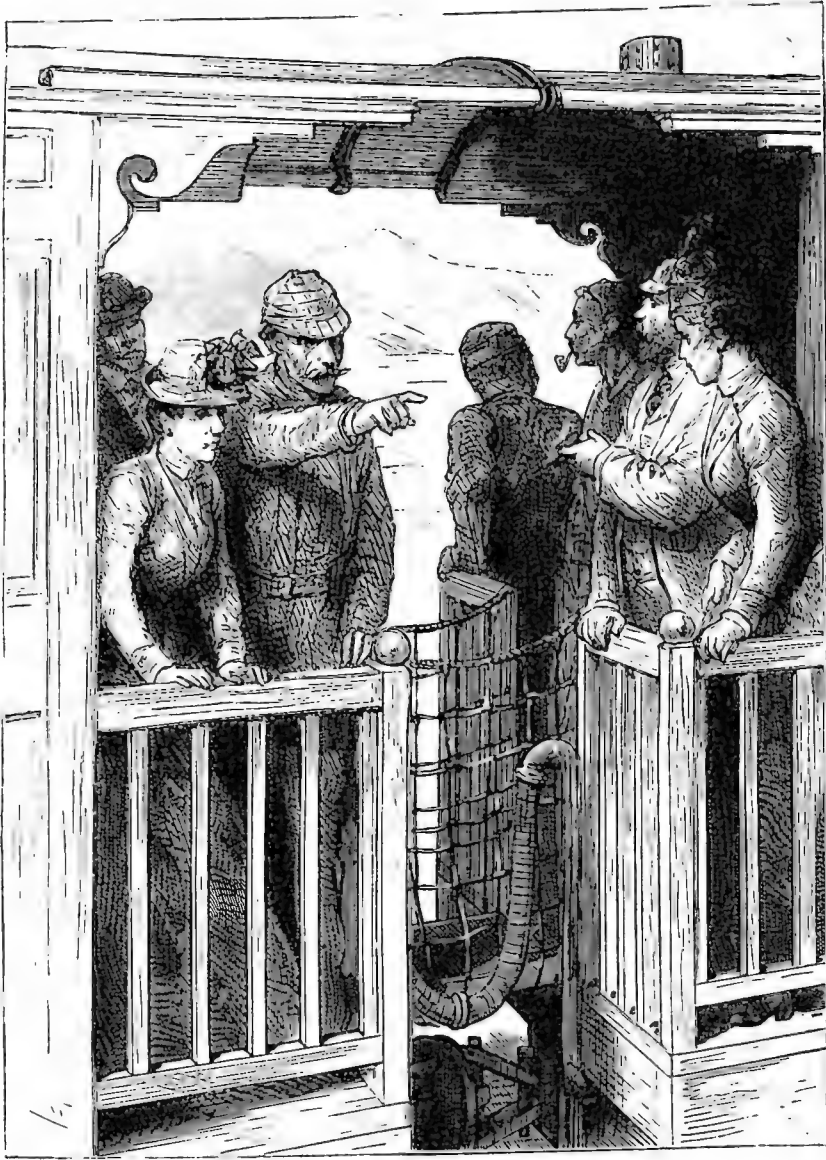
In *Murray* the Rev. H. D. Rawnsley has a fine poem on the death of Browning, entitled, "The Poet's Home-Going."—"Twelve Hours of New York," by Count Gleichen, is bright and amusing.—Dr. Smiles's "Authors and Publishers" continues to be full of information and anecdote.

There are in *Cornhill* two entertaining papers, "Grangerising" and "Hard Citizens;" while the home life of the Dyak and the Malay is very realistically and vividly portrayed in "Tabai, the Wizard."—"Real Estate in Volcanic Regions" will also bear reading.

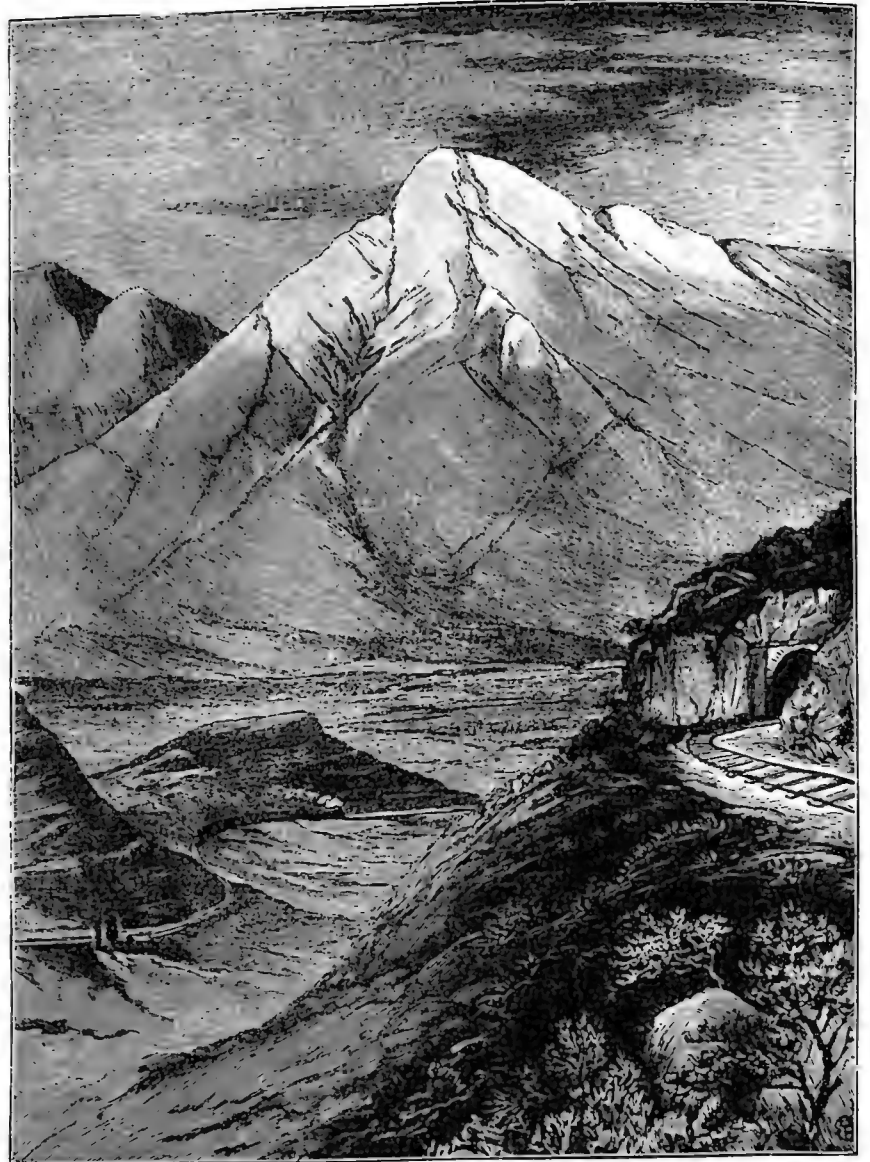
Mr. W. Fraser Rae weaves out of "Horace Walpole's Letters" a very pleasant article for *Temple Bar*; and, beside, we find there a sympathetic study of the character of "Marie Bashkirtseff."—A capital Society story is "Vale Place, Pont Street." We may also mention as containing some good theatrical anecdote matter "Stage Fright," by Mr. John Coleman.

Mr. Arthur Somerset contributes to *Longman* quite a fascinating naturalist paper on "Snails;" while "Epicurus Wynn," by A. D. Hall, is marked by some masterly character-delineation.

THE REBUILDING OF THE PARIS OPÉRA COMIQUE seems at last likely to be undertaken in earnest. The Chamber is now considering a Bill granting 136,000*l.* for the necessary works, as the Minister of Public Instruction proposes to rebuild the house on its original site without the additional expense of placing its front on the Boulevard. The fire-insurance will provide a further sum. If work can be begun by April 1st, the architect undertakes to complete and roof the building by the beginning of next winter, and to hand it over ready for use by December, 1891. The interior of the house will be exactly like its predecessor's, but every precaution will be taken to ensure safety from fire and plenty of exits, there being three staircases on either side of the theatre, and a grand staircase in the centre.



THE PLATFORM OF THE MAIL TRAIN



VIEW ON THE HEX RIVER RAILWAY

THE TRANSVAAL GOLD FIELDS AND HOW TO REACH THEM--THE KIMBERLEY ROUTE
FROM SKETCHES BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST



A NOVEL TREAT TO COASTGUARDSMEN'S CHILDREN
DISMANTLING THE SHIP OF HER TOYS

ON THE WAY TO THE TRANSVAAL GOLD-FIELDS

TIME was when it was no easy matter to get to the Transvaal. To do so involved a long and wearisome journey by bullock-waggon, the only means of conveyance. The recent gold-discoveries, however, have changed all this, and now one may journey to the Witwatersrand almost as luxuriously as from London to Paris. The traveller who has arrived at Cape Town in one of the magnificent steamers of the Union or Castle Line, and who desires to reach the gold-fields, has two courses before him. Either he may go from Cape Town to Kimberley by rail, and thence by coach to Johannesburg (or the Randt, as it is generally called), or he may take steamer for Durban, thence take train to Elandslaaghe or Ladysmith, and thence by coach to Johannesburg.

Our illustrations, for which, and these details, we are indebted to Mr. Dennis Edwards, of Cape Town, are this week concerned with the former route, which is generally preferred, as being quicker, cheaper, and more direct.

The line from Cape Town to Kimberley is narrow-gauge (3 ft. 6 in.) throughout, but the accommodation provided is no whit inferior to that of our English railways. The carriages are long vehicles, built somewhat after the American Pullman type, some having separate compartments and a continuous covered passage, the ends forming covered platforms from which, as will be seen from one of our engravings, one may enjoy the varied scenery through which the train passes.

One of the most interesting "bits" is the Hex River Valley, shown in our other engraving. The traveller is filled with admiration, both with the beauty of the scene—the river winding below; the Hex River Mountain, which is frequently snow-capped in winter, towering above; and the massive rocks, rising ledge after ledge, to where the line winds its devious way—and with the wonderful engineering skill displayed in the construction of the railway at this point. It is a majestic scene, and one not soon to be forgotten.

RECENT POETRY AND VERSE

THERE is something almost pathetic in the prefatory self-approval with which Dr. Muggeridge, LL.D., M.R.C.S., of Ashford, Kent, commits his "Miscellaneous Poetry" to the care of critics. It runs thus:—

Go, little book, from this my solitude.
I cast thee on the waters, go thy ways,
And if thou art (as I do think thee) good,
The world shall find thee after many days.

Under the circumstances it is sad not to be able to encourage the little book. The Doctor has excellent intentions, but possibly in Ashford exuberant platitude goes further than in a distant and colder world. His poem "On Charity" begins "Awake, My Muse," and copies of it sent to the Queen and Prince of Wales were suitably acknowledged. Dr. Muggeridge with a proper and loyal pride prints these formal communications. We will give one more quotation from the poet, a specimen of his Muse when thoroughly awake, and at its liveliest:—

Earth's loving children, sweet flowers so fair
Clinging so tightly to her bosom so bare,
I watch'd a lone plant as it grew up so green
As it open'd its flower when the sunshine was seen.

There are some pretty verses in the Hon. Mrs. Greenhill Gardyne's "Hakon the Good" (William Brown: Edinburgh). Still, there is not much that can be said to rise above the commonplace. The author has a certain facility of expression; but there is always a lingering suspicion, as we read her lines, that the same thing has been better said. Harmless and innocent thoughts are here, however, not unmelodiously rendered.

Respectful sympathy must necessarily control any criticism of such a work as "Towards Fields of Light: Sacred Poems" (Hodder and Stoughton), by the late Rev. Edwin Hatch, D.D. This little book of sacred poems is, so we are informed in the preface, from a collection made at various times by the author's wife, who now ventures to offer it to the public. "They are simply thoughts," writes the bereaved lady, "written down as they occurred: the overflow of a soul which recognised in its Creator the Source of Love, and Life, and Light." We give, as an example of the late Dr. Hatch's work, a little poem which, though simple in form, is quaint and pleasant enough:—

Ah! sweet, the world grows old;
But thou and I
Are never old while love is young
And God is nigh.

The wan days come and go,
The serene leaves fall;
But love's eternal blossoming
Is over all.

The sad earth wastes its moan,
For high above
There is no care nor any pain,
But only love.

Mr. Arthur M. Heathcote has aimed at providing young folks with amusement of an innocent kind in his "Ragged Robin, and Other Plays, for Children" (W. H. Allen). One of its recommendations is this, that for the most part the pieces need very few actors, and very little scenery or costume. The plays are in rhymed verse, and much of it is bright and smart, and quite likely to catch the fancy of clever boys and girls.

Colonel Colomb's "The Cardinal Archbishop and the Invincible Armada" (W. H. Allen) appears to have won from the public favour the success of a new edition.

From the Librairie Hachette we have received the "Œuvres Posthumes," in three volumes, of Mlle. Julie B. P. Hasdeu. This young lady, whose early death, in view of her evident literary talent, is much to be regretted, was a Roumanian who wrote in French. Not yet nineteen when she died of consumption, it is not surprising that she was a precocious child. At the age of nine she endeavoured to write satires on her masters, who scarcely appreciated these manifestations of early ripening genius. Seeing that their author was but a girl of eighteen, and within brief distance of her end, there is pathos as well as philosophy of a Pythagorean sort in these lines:—

Je ne hais point la vie et ne crains pas la mort,
Car la mort est féconde et source de lumière,
Ce n'est pas d'un sommeil éternel que s'endort
Le mourant qui s'affaisse en fermant la paupière.

Mais l'âme prend sa course et dans un autre monde
Va dans de nouveaux corps tour à tour aborder,
Comme une coupe-fée où l'on boit à la ronde,
Dont chacun a sa part, sans jamais la vider.

There is an air of spring-time, a child-like spirit about the lyrics inspired by themes of chivalry, and we have thus an agreeable harmony in subject and treatment. In her freshness and *naïveté* there is the charm which belongs only to youth and genius.

GOOD-BYE TO JAPAN

IT is a very pleasant thing to be homeward bound, and from many foreign stations it is possible to part without a single feeling save that of unutterable relief. But very few naval men leave Japan without a slight pang of regret. The country is so beautiful, the climate so fine, and the Japanese themselves so polite and good-humoured, that its popularity is not to be wondered at. Our engraving is from a sketch by the Rev. R. O. D. Ross-Lewin, H.M.S. *Audacious*, who writes:—"The *Audacious*, late flagship on the China station, had a very pleasant time. The more we saw of the Mikado's Empire the more we liked it, and some of us were quite sorry to depart." As the ship begins to move the band strikes up "Home, Sweet Home," the bands of the other vessels in harbour reply with "Auld Lang Syne," the sailors cheer, the little Japs in the sampan wave their parting salutation, and then "Good-bye to Japan!"

TREAT TO COASTGUARDSMEN'S CHILDREN

CAPTAIN ANSON, of H.M. Coastguard, Ramsgate, has annually, since 1887, arranged a winter treat for the children of the men under his command. Usually, the principal feature of the evening's entertainment has been a gigantic Christmas Tree, laden with toys and other articles; but this year a new departure was made, and a Christmas Ship was rigged up instead. One of the service-boats was decked over, and fitted up as a full-rigged ship, measuring twenty-four feet from truck to keelson. The funnel was made out of a huge bon-bon, with darkened cotton-wool for smoke, and the whole was illuminated by innumerable candles. The general effect was exceedingly pretty, and the idea may be commended to other entertainment-givers in search of a novelty. After the children, to the number of 160, had disposed of a substantial tea, the "ship" was unloaded of its valuable cargo by several ladies and gentlemen. The said cargo consisted of toys and other presents, which were distributed among the boys and girls, each one receiving a gift of some kind. A capital conjuring and ventriloquial entertainment followed, and the proceedings closed with a hearty vote of thanks to Captain Anson, and the singing of the National Anthem.—Our engraving is from a photograph by Fred Palmer, The Marina, Ramsgate, and Clarence Studio, Kingston-on-Thames.

FIJI AND THE FIJIANS

THE hopes which animated the breasts of the settlers and others who happened to be financially interested in the Fiji Islands, when Sir John Thurston was appointed to succeed Sir Charles Mitchell as Governor of that colony, cannot be said to have been realised to any great extent.

When Sir Hercules Robinson and his then Solicitor-General, Sir George Innes, went over from Sydney to Levuka in 1874 to officially accomplish the annexation of the late King Cako-Bau's dominion to Great Britain, the hearts of the white planting and trading community in the islands were gladdened. Twenty years or more before that time there were a few settlers scattered about in various parts of the group, but it was not until towards the close of the locally-famous "Sixties" that the great inflow of European population took place.

The war in the United States had sent the price of raw cotton up to a fabulous figure, and as the Pacific Islands are capable of producing the best class of what is known as "sea-island cotton" in the world (cotton grown on Mango Island, in the Fiji Group, gained the first prize in this class at the Centennial Exhibition in Philadelphia), it is not surprising that a good many enterprising people from New Zealand and the Australian Colonies should have been attracted to Fiji. King Cako-Bau, who ruled with a firm and comparatively civilised hand, had at that period succeeded in getting the whole of the group, consisting of over two hundred and fifty islands, directly under his control, and in his rough way, up to the time when dissension became rife in the kingdom about twenty years ago, "Old Thak," as he was familiarly called, proved himself quite a friend to progress in the islands.

When a vassal chief in some distant part of the group occasionally gave umbrage to his Sovereign by failing to send to Bau the proper amount of tribute, in the shape of copra and turtle, Cako-Bau's war-canoes were promptly sent to his neighbourhood to exact reparation. When plantations became established under European direction, the punishment inflicted upon an offending chief invariably assumed the form of a levy of a few scores or a few hundreds of his warriors, according to the *caput* strength of his district, and these were carried prisoners to Levuka, where, for a consideration, they were hired away to the cotton-planters. As a rule, these men were almost as well treated as are the coolies and Tokalau labourers employed on the Fiji plantations to-day, the chief inconvenience they suffered being that their wages went into the coffers of King Cako-Bau's treasury at Levuka, and they received nothing but their food and shelter in return for their labour. With the high prices which were obtainable for cotton towards the end of the "Sixties," the planters found themselves in a highly prosperous condition, and, as a consequence, Levuka—then the only "white" town of any importance in the group—was the centre of some gay and lively scenes. For several years two opposing political factions existed, and these, in turn, held office as Ministers of the Crown. The revenues were extremely limited, and occasionally, when there was a windfall in the shape of a 20*l.* or 50*l.* fine extracted from a sea-captain who failed to observe some newly-conceived harbour regulation upon entering Levuka, there was a general scramble for it among the members of the Ministry, the King as a rule coming in for a small share of the plunder. In fact it is on record that one extremely powerful Administration lost office in consequence of the Premier's unwisdom in trying to satisfy the King with a case of gin as the Monarch's share of a 50*l.* fine. Cako-Bau liked the grog well enough—although, to do the sturdy old chief's memory justice, it must be said that he was not so much given to drink as most of his brother rulers of the Pacific of those days were known to be—but he thoroughly objected to the principle of taking his regal salary in kind, and the leader of the Opposition was promptly sent for, and entrusted with the formation of a new Government. As is the case in small countries, very often the leaders among the political factions belonged to the adventurous class, and it very seldom happened that any of the more respectable or well-to-do settlers in the group troubled themselves to take any part in the public affairs of the island kingdom.

The state of things which existed in Levuka in 1870 consequently could not be expected to last very long without causing trouble of some kind or other. Maafu, a powerful Tongan chief, who had for many years been settled in the Windward part of the Fiji Islands, having left his own country for his country's good, was beginning to be rather a dangerous thorn in Cako-Bau's side. Maafu was an enlightened and ambitious man, and having travelled extensively, and besides, accumulated a considerable amount of money and property through various enterprises—chiefly that of shipping sandalwood to China—he became quite a formidable customer to reckon with when he conceived the somewhat bold idea of putting Cako-Bau aside and governing the islands himself. As King Malietoa of Samoa has often done since, Cako-Bau petitioned the British Government to annex him, recognising that this was decidedly the best way out of the trouble into which circumstances had thrown him. Maafu was an intelli-

gent, capable man, who was above mixing with the vagabonds surrounding the King, and who found congenial company in the prosperous, and for the most part well-educated, cotton-planters. Some short time before annexation was brought about, Cako-Bau, as a kind of compromise, agreed to the government of the country by a triumvirate, consisting of himself, Maafu, and Tui-Cakau, a plan which would have given a fair representation to the three important divisions into which the group is divided. This was called the Lau Confederation, and it remained in existence for one sitting only. The assembled chiefs from all parts of the group who went to Lau for the purpose of conferring with the triumvirate respecting local and general affairs, almost unanimously elected Maafu as President of the Confederation, and this incident, of course, had the effect of opening Cako-Bau's eyes to the true position of affairs as regarded himself. The Lau Confederation was discarded without further ado, and Cako-Bau made a final attempt to govern the group alone. The old King's time had come, however, and matters went on in a troublesome kind of way until 1874, when Sir Hercules Robinson went across from Sydney to annex the islands formally.

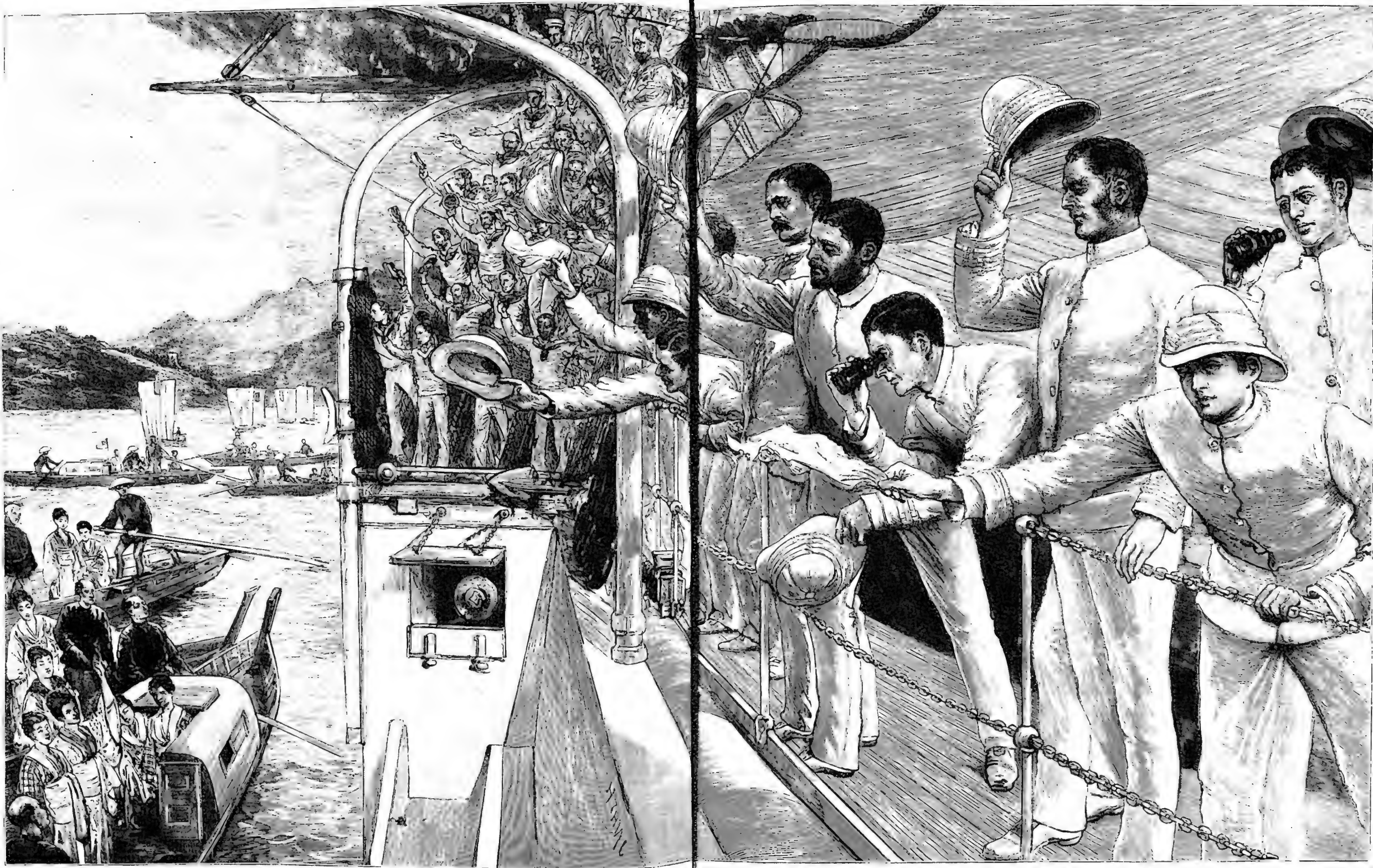
All the requisite formalities having been duly carried out under the official superintendence of Sir George Innes, Mr. Consul E. L. Layard, who for some little time previous to annexation represented this country at Levuka, was appointed Acting-Governor, pending the arrival from the Old Country of Sir Arthur Gordon, the first official Governor of the islands. Sir Arthur reached Levuka in 1875, and at once proceeded to put into operation that system of governing the native population for which he has earned quite a reputation in the West Indies, the Pacific, and Ceylon. Whether that policy is a wise and beneficial one has even yet to be demonstrated, and while it undoubtedly has a good many supporters, it is equally certain that there exists a widespread and hearty opposition to it. From Sir Arthur Gordon's point of view it must have one wholesome result—it encourages the perpetuation of the native races, and prevents in any degree their eradication. The aborigines of Tasmania, it is well known, have completely disappeared, the Australian blackfellow is disappearing at an alarmingly rapid rate, and even the Maoris have been decreasing in numbers of late years. Thus it happened that when Sir Arthur Gordon took over the Governorship of Fiji, in 1875, he found the planting population had accustomed itself to the idea that the islands were for the European who could employ capital, and in other ways promote the development of the resources of the country. Sir Arthur at once vigorously stepped into the field with the motto on his standard of "Fiji for the Fijians." There are, roughly speaking, 120,000 natives in Fiji, while the white population only amounts to some 3,000. The basis upon which Sir Arthur Gordon built his policy consisted in that broad fact, the natives were as forty to one of the total population of the group, the islands belonged to them by priority of right; and, numerous as these islands were, they only contained in all some 8,000 square miles, none too large an area for such a population under all the circumstances.

A Land Commission was appointed to inquire into all the titles to land claimed by the European settlers, with the result that a large number of planters and traders who had probably bought their land-holdings for the proverbial "song and a bottle of rum," were ousted altogether, while the majority of the rest were stripped of large portions of their holdings. This policy naturally created considerable irritation among the planters. This feeling was not improved when Ordinances relating to the native labour in the islands were promulgated by Sir Arthur and his Legislative Council, which practically prohibited the employment of Fijians on the plantations.

The planters were compelled to send to the Solomons, Tokalau, and New Hebrides, for the necessary labour for the plantations, and of late years coolies from India have been introduced in large numbers. With the revival of the cotton-growing industry in the Southern States, the price of that commodity was brought down to its old level, one which the Fiji planter, with his heavy freights and long distance from market, could not reach down to, and the days of "Old King Cotton" have consequently become a memory of the past in Fiji.

But other industries have been taken up instead, notably sugar, tea, and coffee, and these it was hoped would come to something if some means could be found of getting the severity of the governing policy somewhat relaxed. The two succeeding governors to Sir Arthur Gordon—Sir William Des Vœux and Sir Charles Mitchell—faithfully followed out the general policy as laid down by him. But when Sir John Thurston was appointed, a couple of years since, most people thought that the new Governor would be able to do something at least towards restoring the old prosperity of the islands. Sir John Thurston's selection is one of the few instances in which a colonist has been chosen to govern the colony to which he belongs. He was an old settler in the group, equally well-known and respected by both natives and Europeans. As a practical business-man, Sir John was looked upon by those interested in Fiji as the most likely man to do that which would assist in promoting the development of the country, while at the same time giving the native Fijian a reasonable and fair amount of protection. It would seem, however, that whatever predilection Sir John may have had in the direction of assisting the planters when he took up the Governorship of the Islands from Sir Charles Mitchell, he has found it impossible to resist the arguments in favour of Sir Arthur Gordon's policy—"Fiji for the Fijians." Certain it is that all who know that indolent, but comely and virtuous people, will be pleased to see everything that is possible done to preserve them from the fate which has befallen their coloured brethren in Tasmania, and which also seems likely to befall the aboriginal inhabitants of the Australian Continent and Maoriland. ANGLO-PAPUAN

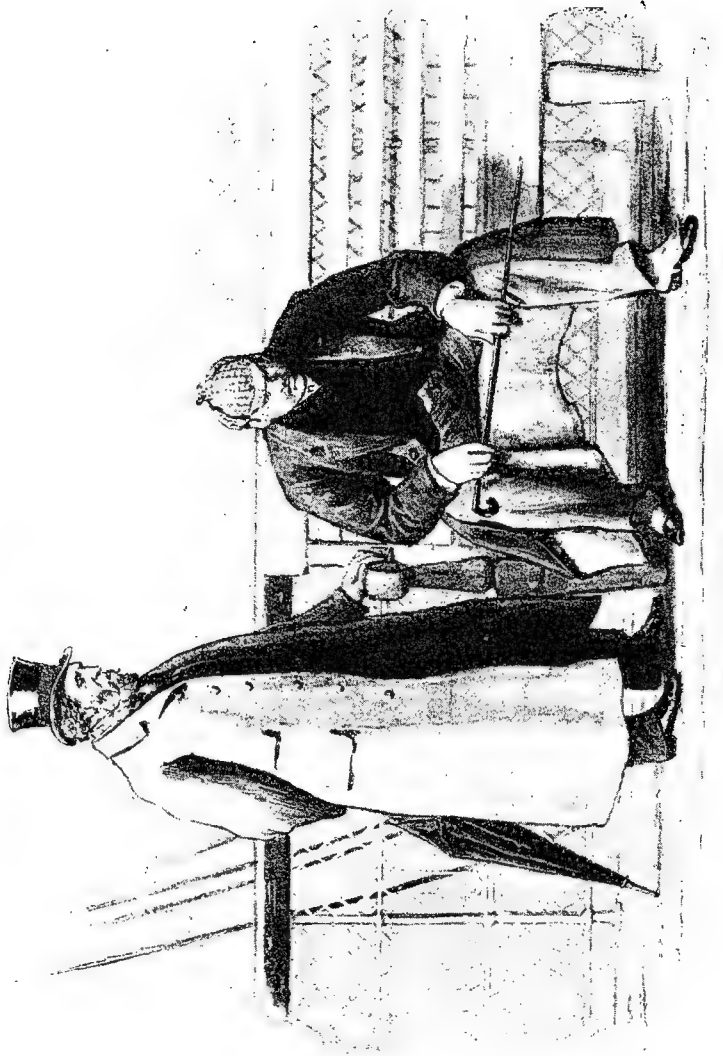
THE SICKNESS AFFECTING THE CHIN-LUSHAI EXPEDITION is hardly surprising, considering the difficulties and the unhealthy country through which the forces must pass. The so-called "roads" are mostly bridle-paths following the contours of steep hills and deep ravines, and are not wide enough for the elephants intended for transport duty, so that mules and human labour must be employed. From Demagiri to Fort Lungleh—where the Chin force assembled for the definitive advance—the road for forty-four miles winds continuously through thick and unhealthy forests full of miasma, where it is almost impossible to escape fever. Sandflies abound, and swarm round the travellers' faces in the evening, penetrating even through mosquito nets, and only yielding to a dense atmosphere of wood-smoke. Leeches lurk in the damp valleys, and if a man halts for a moment one of the pests is sure to crawl over the edge of his boot unperceived. Not a village is to be seen where supplies or shelter could be had, for the hills are inhabited only by jungle fowl and the monkey, and the valleys by the rhinoceros and the wild elephant. Notwithstanding the illness prevalent, the Sappers and Goorkhas work hard at road-making, and a correspondent of the *Times of India* describes the semi-invalids constructing a road "up a razor-backed spur, hard to zigzag even to get a gradient of one in five. The path is but six inches wide on a steep rocky slope. The advance is probably the most difficult thing that has yet been attempted in these hills, and no doubt the Chins think themselves perfectly safe from attack in their mountain fastnesses."



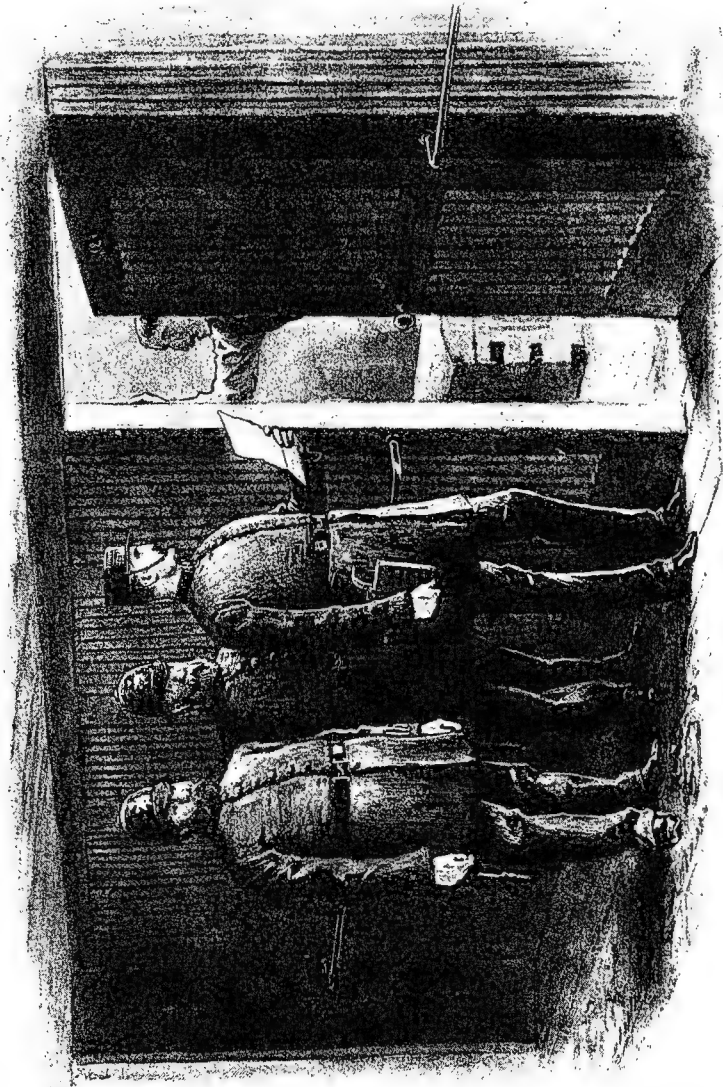
GOOD-BYE TO JAPAN—HOMeward BOUND FROM THE EAST
A BRITISH IRONCLAD LEAVING AN EASTERN PORT FOR ENGLAND



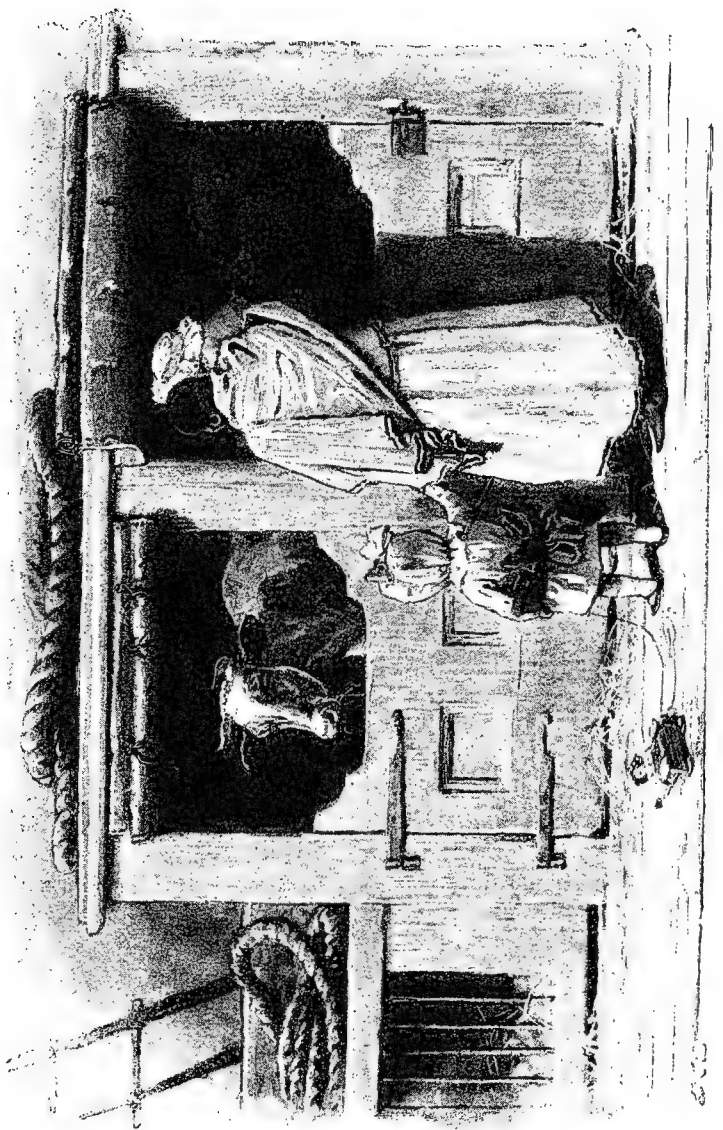
AN OBJECTION TO TRAVELLING



THE BLACK SHEEP OF THE FAMILY



NOT THIS JOURNEY



MILK FROM THE COW



THE difficulty between PORTUGAL and Great Britain does not advance very quickly towards settlement. Portugal wishes to decide the dispute by a Special Conference on African affairs, and has prepared a Memorandum to the signatory Powers of the Berlin Treaty, suggesting this course. She would even be contented if the matter were settled by the present Anti-Slavery Conference at Brussels. Indeed, the conciliatory tone of the Portuguese Government throughout differs widely from the national fury against England, and the King has lost popularity in proportion, being often very coldly received by the public. Nevertheless, King Carlos avoids uttering any distinct opinion on the dispute, and when the Lisbon Geographical Society presented him with an energetic protest against the British action, His Majesty only asserted his devotion and affection for the nation. Patriotic officials, however, are not so reticent. Thus the Governor of Oporto proposes coolly to ship all the English in the district to sea in barges with dynamite and lighted fuses. The boycott continues, coals being bought in Belgium rather than in England, but the effect on trade is already serious, and last month the Lisbon Custom House received 45,000*l.* less than in the previous January. Some few merchants and shopkeepers see the error of this shortsighted policy, but they are afraid to stand out when the public at large are in such an excited mood as to wreck a circus in Lisbon, simply because two clowns were allowed to represent Major Serpa Pinto and the Governor of Mozambique in a pantomime on the Portuguese advance in Africa. The boycott weighs heavily on English clerks employed in Portugal, who have been dismissed in a body, while British residents occupy a most uncomfortable and anxious position. Many fanatical Portuguese are not content with verbal abuse, but assault English people in the streets, ladies being afraid to go out. The Portuguese even complain of the coming British fleet manœuvres near Gibraltar as intended to display British naval superiority over oppressed Portugal. They demand that the navy should be increased, and the colonial policy remodelled, so the Minister of Marine will propose to the Cortes a Bill for exhaustive reforms in the colonial administration. Some change is certainly needed, when the colonial policy of the last ten years produces a deficit of 853,000*l.*—although these figures are contested by the Government. Further reforms should include the obedience of the authorities in Africa to instructions from the home Government, for the Portuguese Consul in the Transvaal even now has issued a proclamation of Portuguese supremacy in Mashonaland. He states that no native chief can grant concessions without Portuguese authority, and that all settlers must acknowledge the same power.

The influenza epidemic decreases steadily in Europe, and the chief Continental cities rejoice over a proportionate decline of their recent high bills of mortality. At present only ITALY is affected to any considerable extent, the malady being most severe at Florence and in the southern provinces, though better in Rome. The British Channel Squadron at Gibraltar suffered greatly, the largest number of cases being aboard the flagship *Northumberland*. CYPRUS is the latest place attacked, while the epidemic rages in SOUTH AMERICA, particularly at Buenos Ayres and Monte Video, the President of the Uruguayan Republic being very ill. Notwithstanding their wide opportunities of study, foreign doctors cannot make up their minds respecting the influenza bacillus. Professor Weichselbaum, of Vienna, inclines to the belief that the disease is caused by a microbe not yet known, while the complications arise from the pneumonia micro-organism.

The prospect of Ministerial changes again occupies FRANCE. The present Cabinet has lasted much longer than expected, and the internal dissensions have been smoothed over for a time, but it is probable that by Easter the Ministry will be reconstructed altogether. M. Méline, the zealous Protectionist and President of the Parliamentary Customs Tariff Committee, is considered to be the coming Premier, although a large party favour MM. Tirard and Spuller retaining office with fresh colleagues. The Foreign Minister is especially popular just now for his successful efforts to close the breach with Italy, while his tact and moderation are needed to quiet the effusive sympathy shown towards Russia and the bitterness against Germany revived by Colonel Stoffel's pamphlet. Colonel Stoffel, who was French Military Attaché in Berlin in 1870, just before the Franco-Prussian War, advocates a Franco-German Alliance instead of reliance on Russia—"the greatest danger to Europe"—and in order to bring about this union he proposes that Germany should restore Alsace-Lorraine to her neighbour. The French Press denounce Colonel Stoffel as a disguised tool of Prince Bismarck, trying on false pretences to inveigle France into friendliness, while with one voice they praise Russia and her civilising powers. Colonel Stoffel's suggestion is no better received in Germany. Thus a semi-official article in the *North German Gazette* points out that the national security requires the line of defence afforded by the two provinces, and further contradicts flatly the Colonel's statements respecting the relations of the Crown Prince and the Chancellor during the Austrian war. Instead of the Prince desiring the war to be continued in opposition to Prince Bismarck's opinion, he joined the Chancellor in earnestly recommending peace. To return to French domestic affairs, the old controversy between Church and State has been revived in the Chamber by a spirited oratorical duel between Bishop Freppel and M. Ribot. A Deputy having been unseated for excessive clerical influence during the election, Monsignor Freppel complained that the priests were deprived of all their rights as citizens if forbidden to influence their flock on politics. In every other country they were free to do so. In reply M. Ribot pointed out that the priests themselves were responsible for the hostility of the State, as they consistently opposed the Government, while their true place was within their parish church to promote the spiritual life. The clergy have abstained wisely from interfering with the elections of next Sunday, which give rise already to some stormy scenes in Paris. The Boulangists and their adversaries frequently come to blows during their electoral meetings, while the General praises their zeal in yet another Manifesto, couched in less abusive terms than usual. The Anti-Semitic agitation continues, and the Jews now publish a journal to support their cause—*La Défense des Juifs*—while one of their champions, M. Dreyfus, has fought a duel with the Marquis de Morès for his insults to the Hebrew race.

In GERMANY Prince Bismarck's resignation of his post as Prussian Minister of Commerce and Industry has caused much surprise and speculation. The Prince, however, explains formally that he had long felt it necessary to diminish his work in this direction, since colonial affairs had become so important, and needed vast attention. He even hints that a special Colonial Ministry is required. The strike troubles, and industrial questions in general, increased the duties of the Ministry of Commerce to such an extent that the Prince could no longer conduct it as a subsidiary office. The charge therefore has been handed over to Baron von Berlepsch, the late Governor of the Rhineland, whose influence promoted the peaceful settlement of the late strikes. Besides the reason of overwork, there is no doubt that Prince Bismarck and Emperor William

do not agree altogether on industrial and social questions. But, happily, the difference of opinion has not altered the affectionate relations between the Prince and the Emperor, Prince Bismarck giving a dinner in His Majesty's honour, where the Emperor was most affable. His Majesty is planning the army and navy manœuvres for the coming season, intending to superintend an attack on the coast similar to the recent English operations. He will possibly attend the Russian manœuvres.

SPAIN has been startled by the sudden death of the Duke of Montpensier, who succumbed to an attack of apoplexy whilst walking at San Lucar, Andalusia. Antoine Marie Philippe Louis was the fifth son of King Louis Philippe, and was sixty-five years of age. His alliance with the sister of ex-Queen Isabella of Spain was one of the two famous "Spanish marriages" arranged by Guizot, and after the fall of Queen Isabella he claimed the throne



PRINCE ANTOINE D'ORLEANS, DUC DE MONTPENSIER, SON OF KING LOUIS PHILIPPE
Born July 31, 1824. Died February 4, 1890.

without result. The marriage of his daughter Mercedes to Alfonso XII. kept him quiet for a few months, but since her death he has repeatedly been suspected of intrigues against the present Government. The Duke was a mediocre statesman, and very hot-headed, his fatal duel with his cousin, Don Enrique of Bourbon, for a trivial political cause, damaging his prestige considerably. The Comtesse de Paris is his eldest daughter, and two other daughters survive, besides one son.

In EASTERN EUROPE the condition of CRETE produces most contradictory reports. There seems every probability that a fresh rising will occur in the spring, for the insurgents are hiding in the mountains, while the numerous refugees in GREECE are collecting arms and ammunition to continue the struggle. The Greek Government also are said to be preparing to intervene at a favourable moment. In BULGARIA Major Panitza and several prominent officers have been arrested on suspicion of plotting to kidnap Prince Ferdinand and M. Stambouloff. As the Major held a high position in the army, and had taken a prominent part in promoting Bulgarian independence, his arrest caused much sensation.

RUSSIA forces the different nationalities under her rule, one by one, to give up their individual privileges and become complete Muscovites. She has effectually Russianised the Baltic Provinces, and will now oblige the German proprietors to sell their land and depart to Teutonic territories. Next, the Grand Duchy of Finland is to lose Home Rule, which it has enjoyed for eighty years. Meanwhile Russia professes great anxiety respecting Chinese aggressiveness, declaring that 35,000 Chinese troops watch the Russian frontier, while railways are planned to the frontier to facilitate the movement of the troops. To guard against this aggressiveness the Siberian and Central Asian Railways ought to be completed at once, and the latter line is to be undertaken in May. It is a curious proof of the growth of Russian influence in Asia that the rebels in Upper Burma actually spread the report recently that the English were being driven out of India by "the Russ."

Nevertheless, many frontier tribes in INDIA are willing enough to accept British protection, judging by the success of the Zhoib Expedition under Sir R. Sandeman. The local chiefs have sworn to protect life and property along the Gomul Pass and the Zhoib Valley, so that this road probably will become the great trade route between India and Afghanistan. It will also be valuable for military communication with Quetta and Candahar. The Chin-Lushai Expedition is not so satisfactory, as the health of the troops is still bad, and the Yokwa Chins, who promise submission and restitution, prove untrustworthy. Mr. Ney Elias and the Siam Boundary Commission have also met with some opposition, the Siamese objecting to their crossing the Salween. Mr. Elias persevered, however, and is now at Sadan. Prince Albert Victor had a glimpse of frontier defence in a hurried visit to the Khyber Pass, where he presented some medals for the Black Mountain Expedition. He is now shooting in Nepal, whence he goes to Delhi and through Rajpootana to Bombay to embark for home, witnessing as a farewell ceremonial a sham attack on the defences of the city. Madras has been interested for months past in the trial of the High Priest of the Tripati Temple who was accused of appropriating the Temple treasure. The two native assessors declared that the charge was not proved, but the judge sentenced the priest to three years' imprisonment.

A deplorable series of disasters has occurred in the UNITED STATES. The house of the Naval Secretary at Washington was burned down on Monday morning, with the loss of three lives; while Mr. Tracy himself lies in a weak condition. He was ill from influenza when the fire broke out, and was so nearly suffocated that his wife dragged him to the window. Evidently, she broke a blood-vessel in the effort, and sank down unconscious, while the firemen rescued her husband, and, though taken safely out of the house, she died immediately after. The youngest daughter and a French maid were burnt to death, but a married daughter and her child jumped out of the window, escaping with slight injuries. Only the day before, Secretary Blaine had lost his daughter, so that owing to the mourning in Ministerial circles President Harrison has countermanded all official entertainments. Another fire in a poor Italian's house at Boston was still more fatal. Some Italians upset a lamp when drunk, and the house was entirely destroyed, ten persons being killed and many injured

by jumping from the windows. A fall of rock in a colliery near Wilkesbarre which crushed five miners; and a railway accident at Bridge Junction, Illinois, where the engine-driver was pinioned by the wreck and died by inches, are among the worst of the other catastrophes. Obstructionist tactics in the House of Representatives have caused a serious delay of business. Being in the minority, the Republicans have attempted to obtain all contested seats, and, to further their plans, the usual Parliamentary rules adopted with a new Congress have not yet been passed. The Democrats protested and refused to vote in any debate, hoping to stop all business, but the Speaker has insisted on counting the non-voters as present, so as to form a quorum and continue the sittings. The obstruction has proceeded in a very peaceable and dignified manner. The Irish National League rejoice in a flourishing balance-sheet, where the expenditure is less than seven per cent. of the receipts. Mr. Parnell requests them to hold no Convention at present, in view of the coming elections.

MISCELLANEOUS.—The Anti-Slavery Conference in BELGIUM has pronounced against prohibiting entirely the importation of firearms to Africa, leaving each Power to decide the question within its own possessions.—In AUSTRIA the Bohemian glassworkers have struck against machinery being introduced in the bead and button trade. Considerable disturbances have occurred. The reconciliation between the German and Czech parties was formally sealed at the opening of the Austrian Reichsrath, where the leaders of the Opposition parties shook hands and congratulated Count Taaffe. Count Julius Andrassy continues dangerously ill.—The Italians are most active in ABYSSINIA, an advance column having routed Ras Alula's followers near Adowa. Italy proposes to organise a Commercial Company in EAST AFRICA, where also a Swedish Expedition will shortly endeavour to form stations from Ujiji to the Nyanza to suppress the slave trade. Admiral Fremantle is much pleased with the safe harbourage at Mombassa, where his eleven men-of-war can lie side by side in the inner harbour.—In SOUTH AFRICA Sir Henry Loch meets with a warm welcome during his tour throughout Cape Colony. A trunk line from colonial ports to the Zambesi will be commenced shortly, while the Transvaal is more favourable to the extension of the railway beyond Bloemfontein. In Matabeleland Lobengula is most friendly with the British representatives.—In CANADA the Dominion Parliament voted unanimously the loyal address to the Queen, repudiating all desire for annexation to the United States. The Dominion branch of the Imperial Federation League has just met, and expressed its sympathy with the movement for Australian federation.



THE QUEEN and Princess Beatrice return to Windsor next week. Her Majesty was much interested in the wreck of the *Irex* off the Needles during the late gale, and the shipwrecked crew were accordingly presented to the Royal party at Osborne. On Saturday the Queen also received the coastguardsmen and the officers and men of the Royal Artillery who effected the rescue. After speaking to the men, Her Majesty witnessed their practice with the rocket life-saving apparatus. Next morning the Queen and Princess Beatrice attended Divine Service at Osborne, where the Dean of Windsor officiated; and in the evening the Dean joined the Royal party at dinner. On Monday Princess Beatrice went to the Needles Fort to see the wreck of the *Irex*, and was shown how communication was established between the ship and the shore. Among the Queen's guests have been Sir John Burgoyne and Admiral Sir E. Commerell; while the ex-Empress Eugénie has returned to Farnborough, after spending five days with Her Majesty. Yesterday (Friday) Mr. Goschen was expected at Osborne to have audience of the Queen; and to-day (Saturday) Her Majesty holds the usual Council before the opening of Parliament, to approve and sign the Royal Speech. Notwithstanding the persistent reports from Germany, the Queen will not go to Homburg this spring, but will revisit Aix-les-Bains.

The Prince of Wales has been suffering from a slight cold, which prevented his intended return to Sandringham at the end of last week. By Saturday, however, he was well enough to be present at Lady Mandeville's evening party. Next morning he went to church, and in the evening called on Lord Hartington to wish him goodbye before the Marquis's departure for Egypt. Next day the Prince returned to Sandringham till the end of the week, when he goes to the Continent for a short visit. The Princess and daughters, with Prince George, have remained at Sandringham; and on Sunday attended Divine Service at St. Mary Magdalene's, the Rev. F. Hervey officiating. The Prince of Wales holds the first levée of the season on the 21st inst.—Prince George joins the *Excellent* on Monday for a course of gunnery study.

Princess Christian has experienced a bad attack of influenza at Wiesbaden, but is now quite well again. Her eyes also are better; but she will continue the treatment some time longer, returning home in May.—The Duke of Connaught has been appointed Provincial Grand Master of the Mark Master Masons of Sussex.—The Duke of Edinburgh is enjoying some excellent shooting in Russia.



MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS.—After an absence of nearly two years Mr. Franz Rummel, the well-known pianist, made his appearance at the Popular Concerts on Saturday. He took no part in the concerted music, but played the *Waldstein* sonata. Mr. Rummel is not a pianist of the ultra-modern school, but his correct and classical style will always make him welcome at these concerts. The programme included two favourite works, that is to say, Mendelssohn's so-called "Posthumous" quintet in B flat, Op. 87, which, the writer of the analytical programme truly remarks, "will rank among the grandest inspirations of the gifted master's ripe age," and Beethoven's early and almost Mozartian "Serenade" trio in D. The trio was played by Lady Hallé, Messrs. Straus and Piatti, who were joined in the quintet by Messrs. Ries and Gibson. The vocalist was Miss Liza Lehmann, who is to be congratulated on her good taste in reviving some of our older national songs. On Saturday she chose Professor Stanford's arrangement of the pathetic Irish melody, "My Love's an Arbutus," followed by the jovial English song "Good-Morrow, Gossip Joan," which used at one time to be sung in the old English ballad operas, and is, of course, included in Mr. William Chappell's valuable work the "Popular Music of the Olden Time."

On Monday Lady Hallé gave a brilliant performance of the Chaconne of the seventeenth-century composer, Tomaso Vittori, who, according to the old biographical dictionaries, "had the honour of being one of the masters of the celebrated Padre Martini of

Bologna." Lady Hallé had three times before played this work, which will in these days be considered little better than a mere piece of display. Mr. Rummel performed Schubert's Impromptu in A flat, Op. 90, No. 4, Schubert's Nocturne, *Les Plaintives*, and Mendelssohn's Rondo Capriccioso, playing for an encore Chopin's Berceuse. The programme began with Mendelssohn's early Quartet in E flat, and closed with Schumann's Piano-forte Trio in E minor, Op. 63. Special interest was excited by the *début* of Miss Christine Nielson, a lady of Scandinavian descent, although her relatives have, we believe, for some time past been residing in Chicago, where Mrs. Rounsville (*née* Christine Nielson) is a pianoforte professor of repute. Miss Nielson was at first terribly nervous, and did herself scant justice. But in her second song, Rubinstein's "Sehnsucht," she had partially recovered from her stage fright, and, so far as could be judged from her possession of a sympathetic mezzo-soprano voice and a refined vocal style, she bids fair to become a favourite *salon* vocalist. The lady is, however, apparently very young, and it is hardly yet possible to determine whether in course of time the higher notes of her voice may not become more fully developed.

THE "GOLDEN LEGEND."—In pursuance of the plan wisely conceived of improving the musical taste of East End amateurs by offering performances of high-class choral works, Sir Arthur Sullivan's *Golden Legend* was given for the first time last Saturday at the Great Assembly Hall, Mile End. The excellent choir of the Institution took part, and an orchestra, led by Mr. Bernhard Carrodus, was also provided. The audience followed the work with great attention, and warmly applauded. An excellent rendering was given of the Evening Hymn, "O gladsome light of the Father." The cast of artists was a stronger one than might, under the circumstances, have been expected. It included Madame Annie Marriott, an admirable representative of the part of Elsie; Madame Marian MacKenzie, as contralto; Mr. Palmer (called upon to replace Mr. Iver McKay, who was suffering from cold), and Mr. Musgrove Tufnail, who gave a capital reading of the part of Lucifer. The programme likewise included the opening symphony and the first chorus from the *Hymn of Praise*, and the Hallelujah from Beethoven's *Mount of Olives*. It will say something for the musical appreciation of Mile End that the hall, which holds nearly 5,000 people, was crowded to its last seat some twenty minutes before the performance began, and it is computed that upwards of a thousand people were turned away for lack of room.

CONCERTS (VARIOUS).—Madame Sarah Palma, a vocalist who is well known in Italy, and has recently been singing in Signor Tito Mattei's comic opera *La Prima Donna* at the Avenue, gave a miscellaneous concert at Prince's Hall on Thursday last week. Her best effort was in Verdi's "Caro nome." At this concert a Spanish tenor, Señor Pietro Uria y Guetary, a vocalist who, despite a small voice, sings with excellent taste, was heard in a couple of Spanish songs of his own composition.—Sullivan's incidental music to the *Merchant of Venice*, with additions by Messrs. Berthold Tours and Ciro Pinsuti, was performed at a reading of Shakespeare's play given by Mr. Charles Fry last week at the Hampstead Conservatoire.—At Mr. Dannreuther's concert last week, Dr. Hubert Parry's fine duet for two pianofortes was repeated by the composer and Miss Emily Daywood. Saint-Saëns' *caprice* for pianoforte and wind instruments on Danish and Russian airs was likewise included in the programme.—A new pianist, Miss Elsie Stanley Hall, who is said to be thirteen, and was born in Australia, was brought forward last week at a concert given at Sir Morell Mackenzie's house.—On Monday the Highbury Philharmonic Society, under Mr. Betjemann, performed Dr. Parry's *St. Cecilia* ode, Mackenzie's *Dream of Jubal*, and Schubert's unfinished symphony in B minor.—The programme of the Ballad Concert on Wednesday was devoted chiefly to the music of Sir Arthur Sullivan, and it included several of his most popular songs, besides extracts from his comic operas sung by the leading Ballad Concert vocalists.

NOTES AND NEWS.—Lord and Lady Tennyson, Sir Frederick Leighton, Sir George Grove, and other members of the Testimonial Committee have resolved that the Arabella Goddard Concert shall take place at St. James's Hall, on March 11th. The Royal Orchestra will assist, and among the performers will be Misses Janotha and Davies, Messrs. Joachim and Piatti. Mrs. Semon, formerly Fräulein Radeke, will likewise appear.—It is now stated that a concert hall will after all be built on the site of Her Majesty's Theatre, where there is plenty of room, not only for a hall, but also for the projected hotel.—The death is announced of M. Victor Mustel, the well-known harmonium manufacturer, and inventor of the Mustel organ. The deceased was seventy-four.—Carl Banck, the famous song composer of Dresden, died last month, aged seventy-nine. He was for many years musical critic of the *Dresden Journal*.—Mr. W. T. Best, the famous organist of Liverpool, is about to undertake a six months' tour in Australia.—The Crystal Palace Concerts will be resumed this (Saturday) afternoon, when Herr Stavenhagen will for the first time perform Liszt's *Dance of Death*.—Miss Huntington has resigned her part in *Marjorie* at the Prince of Wales's on the very reasonable plea that the music originally written for a tenor is not suited to a contralto. It seems a pity that the discovery was not made before. However, Mr. Tapley has now resumed the tenor part of Wilfrid in *Marjorie* with very great success, and Miss Huntington (who was paid 80*l.* per week at the Prince of Wales, and would next year, according to contract, be paid 120*l.* per week) has accepted a more lucrative engagement to play Paul Jones in the United States.—Lady Hallé will make her last appearance at the Popular Concerts on Monday next. On the following Monday Dr. Joachim will make his *réentrée*.



FOOTBALL.—The Rugby game demands the first place this week. The Northern team at Richmond on Saturday was not so strong as advertised, and consequently the Southerners were able to repeat their previous victory in December with somewhat greater ease. Stoddart, the "halves," and W. G. Mitchell at back, were in especially fine form for the winners. The Rugby Union has again awarded the County Championship to Yorkshire, which will encounter the Rest of England on the 22nd inst. Scotland beat Wales on Saturday. The terms according to which the Rugby Union and the Irish, Welsh, and Scotch Unions have agreed to submit their dispute to arbitration are now settled, and the dates of the matches have been published as follows:—February 15th, England v. Wales, at Dewsbury; March 1st, at Edinburgh, England v. Scotland; March 15th, at Blackheath, England v. Ireland.—There is a glorious uncertainty about Association football, if we judge by some of the upsets of public "form" witnessed lately. Who could suppose that in the Association Cup competition Stoke, nearly at the bottom of the League list, would defeat Everton, which is practically at the top? Of the other matches we may note the victories of Sheffield Wednesday and Notts County over Accrington and Aston Villa respectively. Preston North End, Wolverhampton Wanderers, and Blackburn Rovers also pulled through. West Bromwich Albion nearly established a "record" in the Staffordshire Cup Competition, when they beat Burton Wanderers by twenty-three goals to none. In the London Charity Cup,

Swifts scratched to London Caledonians, Casuals succumbed to Clapton, Old Westminsters smashed Old Etonians, and Royal Arsenal defeated Great Marlow. In the next round Clapton have to meet Old Westminsters, and Royal Arsenal the Caledonians. Judging by the result of the London Cup matches, in which the draw was precisely the same, the Old Boys and the Arsenal should meet in the final. Oxford University easily beat Mr. N. L. Jackson's Eleven and the Crusaders, while Cambridge scored twelve goals to none against Northants.

ROWING.—The dispute as to the date of the University Boat Race was settled last week in the time-honoured manner—by "splitting the difference." Oxford forwarded a new proposal, to the effect that the race should be rowed on Wednesday, March 26th, when the tide suits in the afternoon; and Cambridge after some demur accepted. Neither crew is definitely made up yet. Mr. Muttelbury has deposited his 14 st. 4 lbs. of muscle and bone upon the sixth thwart in the Cambridge boat, but has not quite decided upon the occupant of the eighth. Mr. J. C. Gardner is no longer available, owing to an injury to his knee. At Oxford, too, it is not yet settled whether Mr. Guy Nickalls or Mr. W. A. L. Fletcher is to stroke.—A meeting was held last week, and a strong Committee selected, to arrange a Professional Regatta, with the idea of setting the British oarsman on his legs again. We hope better things than we expect from the project.—Kemp and Matterson are matched for the Championship of the World; while—talk of flogging a dead horse!—O'Connor wants to row Hanlan.

BILLIARDS.—Peall, who beat Coles twice last week at the Aquarium, has Cook for his opponent this week.—On Monday begins the All-in Championship of the World Tournament, for which most of the leading players, always excepting the Champion himself, are expected to compete.—The Champion did a fine performance in just beating Mitchell (who was allowed to make 40 spots in a break), but had to put his best leg foremost to do it. His last two breaks of importance were 389 and 329. He is now in the middle of another difficult task, in giving Richards 10,000 out of 20,000, spot barred. Richards made breaks of 185 and 231 on the first day.

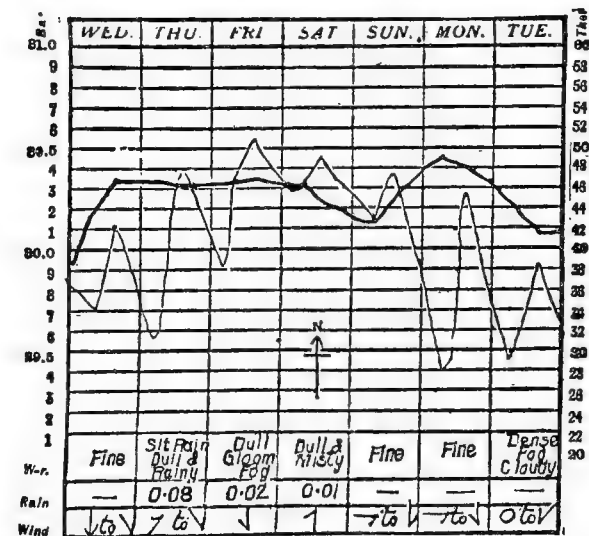
THE TURF.—At Kempton Park on Friday last week the weather was pleasant, and the sport very fair. Bachelor won the Middlesex Hunters' Flat Race Plate, and fetched 300*g.* at auction. Trundle Hill won the Kempton Park Hurdle Handicap, while the Stewards' Steeplechase Handicap Plate fell to Gamecock. Gamecock scored again next day in the February Steeplechase, for which the Prince of Wales's Hettie ran second. Royal Duke won the Staines Handicap Hurdle Plate. The last-named was also successful at Leicester on Tuesday last, when he beat Giesshubler and Sherwood in a Selling Open Hurdle Race.

BOXING.—The Pelican Club, which on Monday night moved into its luxurious new quarters in Gerrard Street, Soho, has requested Mr. Abington to resign. Mr. Abington declines to do so; and there, for the present, the matter rests.—Kilrain has "whipped" a boxer called Felix Vaquelin in three rounds, in a glove-fight "across the pond."

MISCELLANEOUS.—Mr. Vernon and his cricketers suffered their first defeat on the 31st ult., when the Parsee Eleven at Bombay beat them by five wickets.—At the meeting of the Lawn Tennis Association, last week, Mr. W. Renshaw in the chair it was decided to do away with bisques in handicapping, and substitute a system of quarter-fifteens. Bisques were said to be so puzzling, but the new system does not sound exactly simple. Thus he who receives "three-quarters fifteen" gets a stroke at the beginning of the second, third, and fourth games of every four, while he who owes the same amount does so at the beginning of the first, third, and fourth games of every four. Umpires will have a poor time of it in the ensuing season, we fear.

WEATHER CHART

FOR THE WEEK ENDING TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 4, 1890.



EXPLANATION.—The thick line shows the variations in the height of the barometer during the week ending Tuesday midnight (4th inst.). The fine line shows the shade temperature for the same interval, and gives the maximum and minimum readings for each day, with the (approximate) time at which they occurred. The information is furnished to us by the Meteorological Office.

REMARKS.—The weather of the past week has been far less unsettled than of late, while the gales have subsided in all places. Pressure has been almost continuously lowest to the Northward, and highest to the Southward of our Islands. Westerly to North-Westerly breezes have prevailed over the South of the British Islands, and Westerly to South-Westerly winds elsewhere; in force they have varied from a light to a fresh breeze. The sky, which was extremely clear and bright generally at the beginning of the time, and again during Sunday evening (2nd inst.), was as a whole densely overcast and gloomy, with mist, fog, and drizzle in very many places. No heavy amounts of rain were reported at any time, while towards the close of the week little or nothing was reported from most districts. Temperature has not been so high as of late, and although still continuing above the average during the day, fell below the mean values during the night. The highest readings exceeded 50° in many parts of the country on one or two days, while the lowest showed sharp frosts in some places—chiefly in the South.

The barometer was highest (30.47 inches) on Monday (3rd inst.); lowest (29.99 inches) on Wednesday (29th ult.); range 0.48 inch. The temperature was highest (51°) on Friday (31st ult.); lowest (48°) on Monday (3rd inst.); range 23°. Rain fell on three days. Total fall 0.11 inch. Greatest fall on any one day, 0.08 inch on Thursday (30th ult.).

THE FAMOUS CASTLE OF SAN ANGELO AT ROME has fallen victim to the present mania for street improvements, regardless of historical monuments. In order to carry the Tiber Embankment in front of the Castle, the Bastion San Giovanni is being destroyed, including the tower added by Pope Nicholas V. in the fifteenth century, although the road might easily have been taken round the back of the Castle, and thus have left the building intact. Public opinion in Rome condemns the Ministry very strongly for permitting this unnecessary destruction.



AN EIFFEL TOWER OF ICE has been constructed at St. Petersburg. It is one hundred and sixty-six feet high, is illuminated by the electric light, and includes a restaurant and dancing hall on the first platform.

TAXATION IN CHINA is very light, rarely rising above three shillings per head. Not half the sum collected reaches the Imperial Treasury, however, but goes into the pockets of the provincial officials. The annual revenue is about 21,000,000*l.* sterling.

THE ANTARCTIC EXPEDITION, advocated so warmly by the Australians, will start probably during the summer of 1891, under the direction of Professor Nordenskiöld. The expenses will be shared by the Australasian Geographical Society, the Victoria Royal Society, and Baron Oscar Dickson, of Gothenburg, who has done so much already for Polar exploration.

A RIDE ON HORSEBACK FROM CENTRAL ASIA TO THE BALTIC is being attempted by a Cossack officer. He left Bielovetchensk, on the Amoor, in November, and expects to reach St. Petersburg in April, thus accomplishing 5,800 miles in five months. M. Pyetvoff rides an ordinary cavalry horse, is well armed, but quite alone, and was last heard of at Irkutsk, having completed a quarter of his journey in most intense cold.

THE INFLUENZA EPIDEMIC IN HOLLAND is due to the census now being taken, according to a pious baker at the Hague. He refused to fill up the census-paper, declaring that numbering the people was certain to attract Divine wrath, and that the present epidemic resembled the visitation of the plague of old, which slew 70,000 persons, when David numbered Israel. The baker forgets that the census is not being taken in other countries still worse affected by the influenza.

THE PARIS THEATRES did not suffer from the superior attractions of the Exhibition last year, as the managers feared. On the contrary, the presence of so many foreign and provincial visitors raised the year's receipts to 1,280,000*l.*—an increase of 360,000*l.* on those of the previous twelvemonth, and 80,000*l.* above the receipts of the last Exhibition year, 1878. The Opera made the largest sum—159,160*l.*; the Hippodrome stands next, with 113,527*l.*; and the Français comes third, with 94,576*l.*

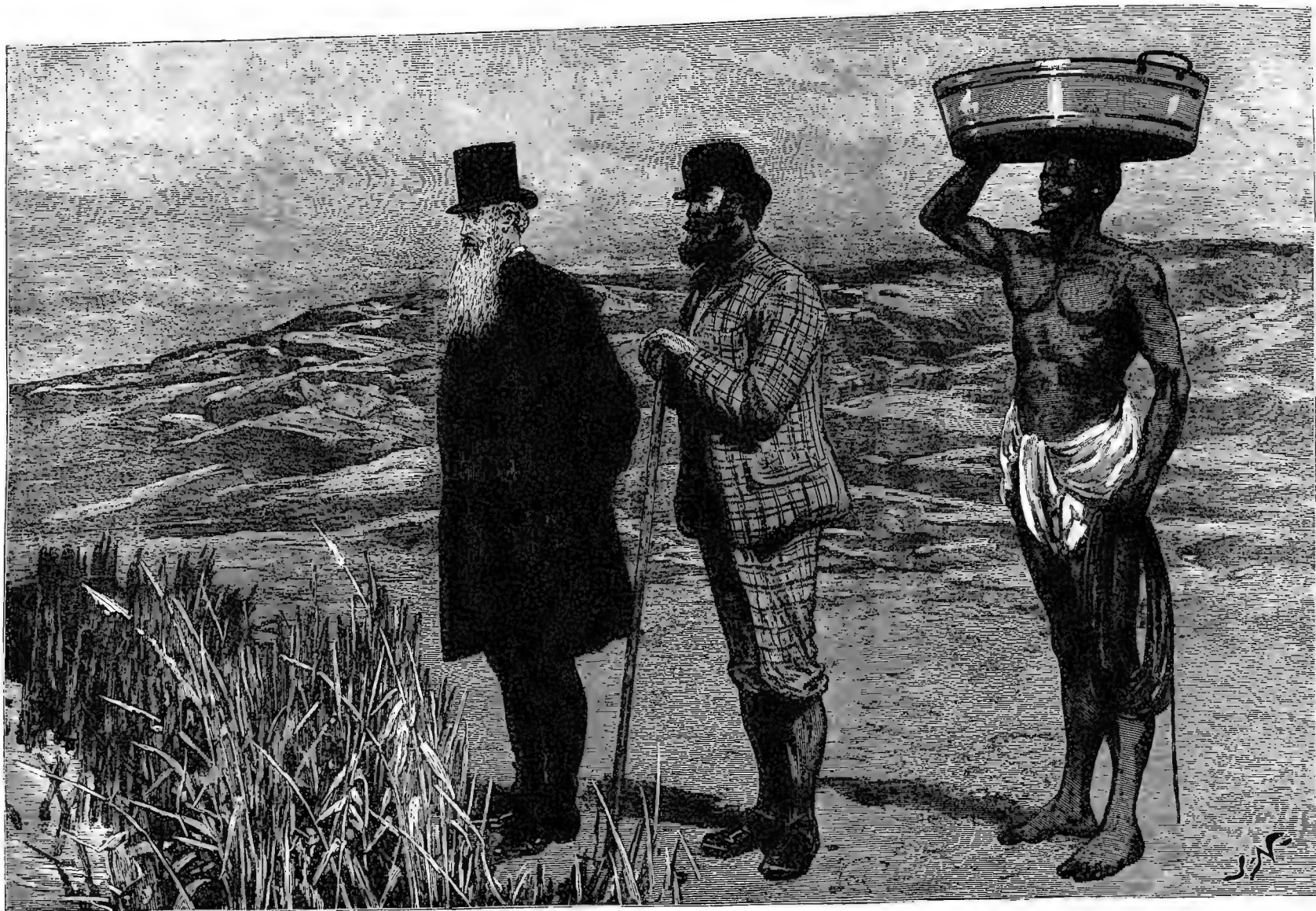
TESTIMONIAL TO CAPTAIN MILDMAY.—Captain Edmond St John-Mildmay having retired, after thirty years of valuable service, from the Secretaryship of the National Rifle Association, his friends have determined to present him with a testimonial. The appeal is headed by Lord Wantage, the Chairman of the Council, the Duke of Westminster, and other persons of influence. Upwards of 800*l.* has already been promised, and further donations will be received either by the Chairman of the National Rifle Association, 12, Pall Mall East; or by the Treasurer, Lord Kinnaird, at Messrs. Barclay, Ransom, and Co.'s, 1, Pall Mall East.

A FINE PORTRAIT OF QUEEN ELIZABETH has been added to the Tudor Exhibition, lent by Lord Salisbury from Hatfield. It is a half-length by Zucchero, known as "Queen Elizabeth with the Rainbow," representing the Queen in a superb dress, covered with symbolical ornaments. Lord Salisbury also lends a picture of "Horselydown Fair," by Hofnagel, dated 1590, and representing a fair on the Surrey side of the Thames, opposite the Tower. The maiden Queen's hat and silk stockings also come from Hatfield. Elizabeth was wearing this hat when she received the news of her accession, while the hose were the first pair of silk ever worn in England.

LONDON MORTALITY declined considerably last week. The deaths fell to 1,849 from 2,227 during the previous seven days, being a decrease of 378, and 211 below the average, the death-rate reaching only 21.8 per 1,000. This improvement was most noticeable in the fatal cases of diseases of the respiratory organs, which have diminished steadily for the last three weeks, and numbered 550—a decline of 186, and 80 under the usual return. The influenza casualties fell to 75 from 105. There were 67 deaths from whooping-cough (a decrease of 15), 24 from diphtheria (a rise of 2), 14 from scarlet fever (an increase of 4), 11 from measles (a decline of 10), 9 from enteric fever (a fall of 1), and 9 from diarrhoea and dysentery (a decrease of 5). Different forms of violence caused 62 fatalities, including 10 suicides and 3 murders. There were 2,699 births registered—an advance of 108, yet 188 below the average.

A DAUBIGNY LOAN EXHIBITION will be held in London shortly to supplement the Corot collection, which interested lovers of French Art so much last year. Contributions are being gathered from Belgium, Holland, and France, in order to represent at his best one of the most poetical modern Gallic landscape painters. Speaking of French Art, the annual display at the Marlborough Club in Paris has just opened, and is especially good, few prominent artists failing to contribute. A melancholy interest attaches to two unfinished paintings by Alexandre Protais, who has just died—"The Night of the Battle" and "The Advance Posts," both having their frames covered with crape. M. Bonnat sends a portrait of ex-President Grévy's little granddaughter, Marguerite Wilson, and Carolus Duran, a likeness of his daughter, while a bust of General Boulanger also appears, not boycotted as at the last Salon. MM. Gérôme and Bouguereau contribute respectively a "Spring," depicting a lion and lioness in a flowery landscape, and "Coaxing," a child kissing a young girl; but M. Meissonier is too absorbed by his new Society to spare anything for a minor exhibition. The Watercolour Society are also holding their Exhibition. Military pieces are prominent, such as M. Détaillé's "Cuirassiers trotting," and M. J. L. Brown's "Autumn Manœuvres."

MISSIONARY PROGRESS IN EQUATORIAL AFRICA.—Quoting recently from a lecture delivered by Mr. Joseph Thomson on the subject, we observed that it is "mournfully confessed" that in the direction of "Christianising, civilising, and freeing the natives of Central Africa from the miseries of the slave traffic very little has hitherto been accomplished." A missionary who has laboured for some years in the district of Lake Tanganyika combats this pessimistic view in the subjoined communication. "It is only right both for the vindication of the workers in that direction and for the encouragement of the public, who, uninformed, mourn their ill success, to remind ourselves that this view is not altogether correct. Looking at Central Africa in its most difficult part, at and just below the equator, there is a winding line from the Atlantic, and another from Zanzibar, reaching, in each case, a third of the way across the Continent, of peaceful Christian influence, improved transport and mail services. These lines are dotted with stations, at which men, and women too, are living on peaceable terms with natives who not long ago were pronounced incorrigibly savage. In some cases Christianity has very evidently been accepted by the people—in all it is being slowly and surely imparted along with other civilising influences. Some of these places are already fixed on the map along with thousands of miles of other varied delineations put in from the surveys of their agents. On the East, Mr. Stanley has called one of the terminating forks of that line of influence the outskirts of blessed civilisation at a place where he was still on the top of Africa, and with a third of the Continent yet before him."



CONFIRMATION MORNING, KAFFIR-LAND—HIS LORDSHIP ON THE WRONG SIDE



HIS LORDSHIP IS ACROSS

HOW A BISHOP HAD TO SWIM ACROSS A RIVER TO ATTEND A CONFIRMATION
A TRUE INCIDENT



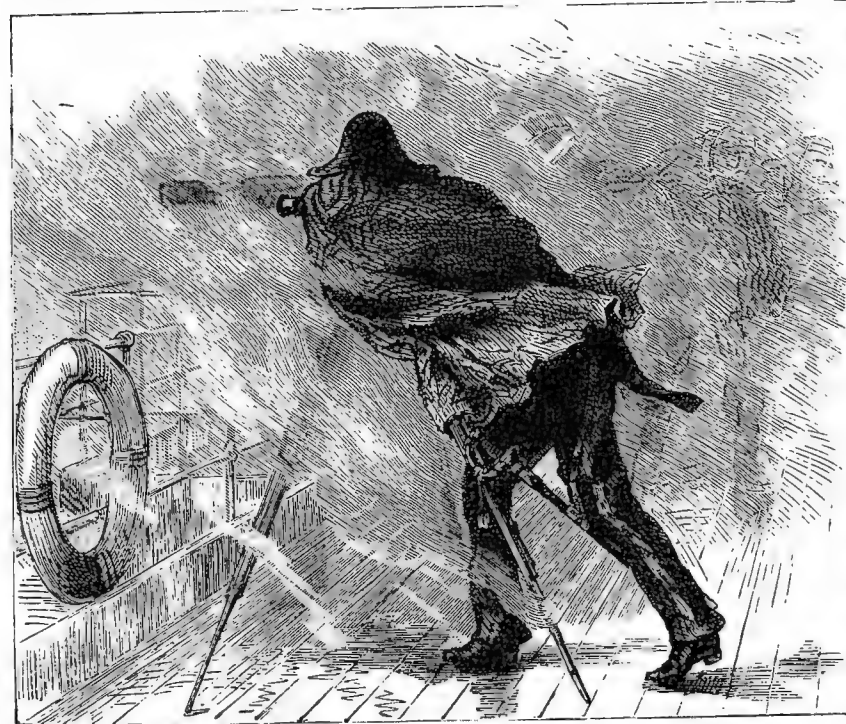
The Officer who has left his sketch book in his frock coat sacrifices the white lining of his cocked hat. (Interrupted by the sharp command "On Hats!")



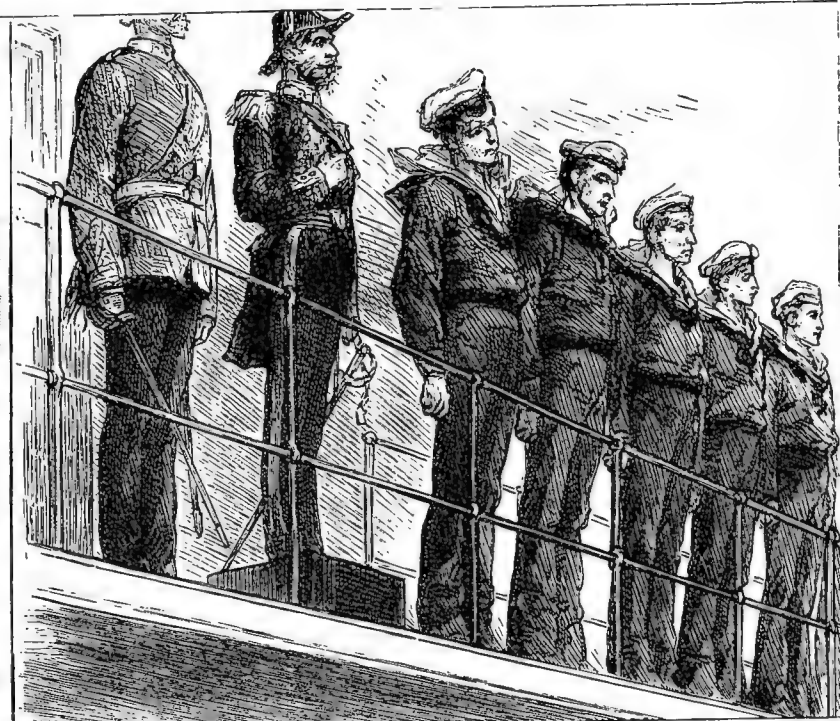
(Playfully) "I'm really very sorry, but your loose little sketches all blew away—but you shall dance with me to-night"
"O—h, A—h! Thank you"



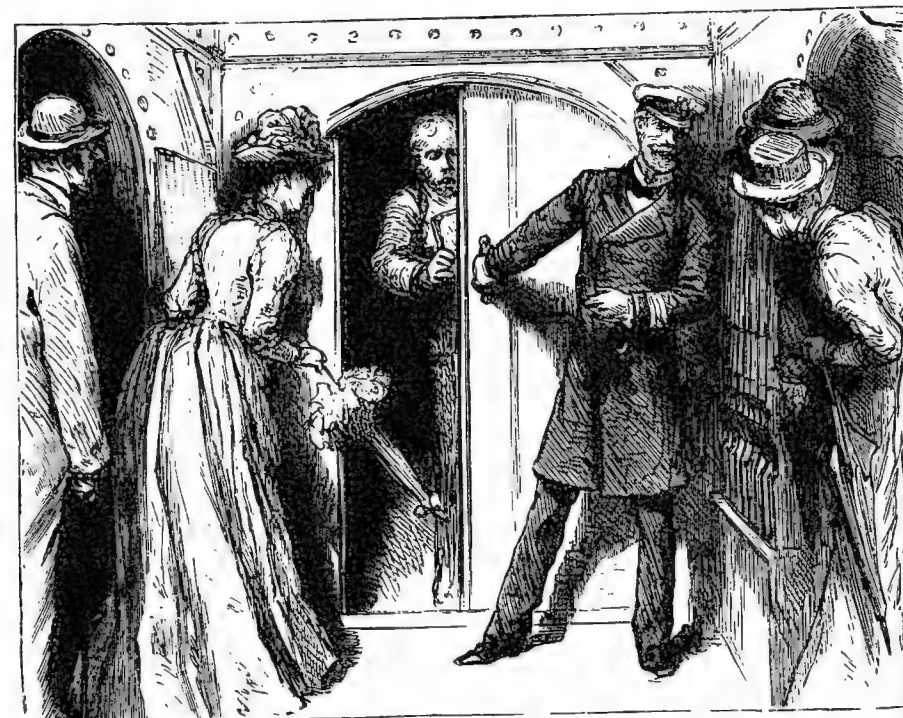
'Twas not a dream. "The shirt I wore yesterday gone to the wash"—"Yes, Sir!"
"Oh! all my notes were on the wristbands—250,000 people robbed of a laugh"



Photographing under difficulties



An Officer, apparently with a dessert plate under his coat, twirls a black stud at his button-hole with a very audible click



The playful and vigorous Ferguson wrenches open the door of Newton's temporary dark room. A flood of electric light enters



The result of one of the sailors moving while the detective camera was in operation

OUR ELEMENTARY EDUCATION SYSTEM— SHALL IT BE GRATUITOUS?

I.

READERS of *The Graphic* who interest themselves in the Education Question are already aware from their daily papers that a good deal of the time of the forthcoming Session will be occupied in the discussion of the abolition of school-fees in our Elementary and National Schools. Ever since the Prime Minister, on November 26th last, made his declaration on the question, the minds of school managers, members of School Boards, and of the teachers have been much exercised as to the proposals which the Government will lay before Parliament. Whatever they may be, the measures of the Ministry will be much, perhaps even warmly discussed, and it may be of interest at the present time to make a brief survey, totally free from partisanship or prejudice, of our present system, to look back and forward a little, to see how it has grown up, and how this special problem of gratuitous or assisted education might be dealt with so as to inflict no injustice on that large body of Voluntary School managers who, with no assistance from rates, have endeavoured by means of school fees, grants from the Imperial Exchequer, and their own voluntary contributions, to offer, besides a sufficient secular elementary education, definite religious instruction to the children of their co-religionists. It is perfectly well known that until 1839 the State made no provision for annual aid towards elementary education. The work was left entirely to the great voluntary educational bodies, such as the National School Society, the British and Foreign School Society, and the Roman Catholic Poor Schools Committee. These bodies depended entirely on voluntary contributions during the first forty years of this century. In 1839 Lord John Russell appointed a Committee of Council on Education, and a great man, probably the ablest Secretary the Committee of Council ever had—though all have been distinguished—was appointed to conduct the work. This was Dr. Kay, afterwards better known, and now gratefully remembered, as Sir James Kay-Shuttleworth. In accordance with various Minutes of Council passed by him, assistance was given, upon the application of those locally interested, towards the erection of Training and Elementary Schools, towards their annual maintenance, and in the provision of school books and apparatus, in the award of augmentation to teachers' salaries, and stipends and Queen's Scholarships to pupil teachers.

During the whole period from 1839 to 1870 the Committee of Council exercised no compulsory powers, their action being restricted to encouraging and *supplementing* voluntary local exertion. They had no power to compel the supply of schools where they were deficient, nor had the local authorities any control over the attendance of the children. Nevertheless, under this purely voluntary régime, a wonderful work was achieved by the various denominational societies. They established upwards of forty training colleges, at a cost to their subscribers of a quarter of a million sterling (with assistance from the State of another hundred thousand pounds), with accommodation for 3,000 resident students; and of day-schools they founded 8,919, containing 12,661 departments, with seats for 1,878,584 children. At this same period (1870) there were 12,467 certificated teachers, 1,262 assistant and 14,304 pupil-teachers, actually at work; while 2,097 Queen's scholars were studying in training colleges. The annual income of the day-schools was 1,525,411*l.* 12*s.* 2*d.*, of which amount the Government contributed just 528,039*l.*—as nearly as possible one-third. From 1839-70 the total expenditure from the Imperial Exchequer was 11,800,000*l.*, and it has been estimated that during the same period voluntary effort had contributed fifteen millions. Whatever may have been the shortcomings of the voluntary system, and let its opponents say what they will, this is a magnificent record. In 1870 the voluntary subscriptions amounted to 7*s.* 6*d.*, the school fees to 8*s.*, and the Government grant to 8*s.* 9*d.* per child in average attendance, or a total of 1*l.* 4*s.* 3*d.*

Then came the late Mr. Forster's Act of 1870. There were three great principles in it. First, the insistence on the provision in every school-district throughout England and Wales (his Act did not apply to Scotland or Ireland) of "a sufficient amount of accommodation in public elementary schools available for all the children resident in such district for whose elementary education efficient and suitable provision is not otherwise made." Secondly, it provided for the establishment, voluntarily or compulsorily, of School Boards in those districts where the supply of school accommodation had not been already made or was not about to be made, and it conferred on them the power (since transferred to Poor Law guardians) of paying the fees of poor children. Thirdly, it gave School Boards the power to enact bye-laws to compel all children within their districts to attend regularly at school. By Lord Sandon's Act of 1876 and Mr. Mundella's Act of 1880 these powers of compelling attendance have been extended, so that where no School Boards exist School Attendance Committees, appointed by the Guardians of Unions or the Town Councils, exercise the same functions as School Boards. As a result of these Acts of 1870-1880, then, it may be stated (a) that there is elementary school accommodation more than sufficient for the children in attendance, and that (b) the law proclaims (by Section 4 of Lord Sandon's Act) that it is "the duty of the parent of every child to cause such child to receive elementary instruction in reading, writing, and arithmetic, and if such parent fail to perform such duty he shall be liable to the penalties provided by this Act," &c. Now let us see what has been accomplished under the stimulus of these Acts; in other words, under the dual system of voluntary denominational effort and School Board administration. First, the Voluntary Schools which in 1870 provided seats for 1,800,000 scholars have since provided *in addition* for 1,668,489 scholars, and can now boast of a grand total of 3,547,000 seats. The last report of the Committee of Council (page xi.) says that "the great majority of the voluntary schools which have come under inspection since 1870 have been erected, enlarged, or improved at a cost to the promoters of at least 6,000,000*l.*"

The School Boards have been no less busy. They have supplied seats for 1,800,000 children "availing themselves freely [some people think too freely] of the powers of borrowing, on the security of the rates," no less than twenty millions sterling. The cost of erecting Voluntary Schools per scholar has been about 5*l.* 7*s.*, of Board Schools more than 12*l.*; but it must not be forgotten that

while the School Boards have had to purchase sites in popular towns like London, Birmingham, Liverpool, Sheffield, where land is very dear, the sites for Voluntary Schools have been largely in rural districts, and often gratuitously obtained from the squire or the lord of the manor. Let a little summary furnish a picture of our present educational condition. All the figures are drawn from the Report (1888-9) of the Committee of Council.

1. The number of school departments in connection with the Education Department is 29,056, with accommodation for 5,356,554 children, of which School Boards supply 1,809,481, or almost exactly one-third, two-thirds (or 3,547,073) being the splendid contribution of the various denominations. The total income of all these schools was last year 7,154,116*l.* 0*s.* 5*d.*, of which the School Board total was a little over three millions.

2. The Voluntary Schools draw their revenue from (a) Endowments, (b) Voluntary contributions, (c) Scholars' fees, (d) The Government grant. The School Board, instead of voluntary contributions, fall back on the rates, and last year, while the School Board Rate furnished one million and a quarter sterling, the voluntary contributions to denominational schools amounted to three-quarters of a million. Towards the total income of the schools the scholars' pence reached 1,801,032*l.* 17*s.* 8*d.*, and the Government grant was 3,069,385*l.* The average expenditure per scholar in Voluntary Schools was 1*l.* 16*s.* 6*d.*, and in Board Schools 2*l.* 4*s.* 7*d.*, the difference being accounted for by the fact that, whereas the Voluntary managers have to cut their coat according to their cloth, School Boards, with rates behind their backs, can keep larger staffs of teachers and pay them higher salaries.

A word should now be said about the religious instruction given in the schools, for this will be the central object in the forthcoming discussion. Of course, in the schools connected with the Church of England, the Roman Catholic, and the Wesleyan Communions, religious instruction of a distinctly denominational character may be, and is given; but it must be strictly confined to the beginning and ending of the lessons, and every child may be withdrawn from such teaching by its parents (Section 7 of the Act of 1870). While, therefore, it is quite certain that religious instruction is given in the denominational Voluntary Schools, it would be a gross calumny to call School Board Schools "Godless." As a matter of fact, while no religious instruction may be given in them which is distinctive of any particular sect, yet it may be seen from a voluminous return to Parliament last Session, prepared in the Education Department, that only forty out of more than two thousand School Boards gave purely secular instruction; while of the rest, all begin their school-day with prayers, hymns, or Scripture reading; and many of them have elaborate syllabuses for religious instruction. Our system is compulsory, and it will presently be gratuitous, but it is to be hoped, and there is ample ground for believing, that it will never be secular.

H. J. G.

THE ROYAL SOUTH LONDON OPHTHALMIC HOSPITAL

ST. GEORGE'S CIRCUS, Southwark, is one of the liveliest spots in the whole of London. Six important thoroughfares meet there, and thousands of public conveyances daily pass the Obelisk which stands in its midst. No better site, then, could be found for a Hospital which ministers to the wants of the poor. Since its foundation in 1857 the Royal South London Ophthalmic Hospital has never wanted patients. In 1861 it had to be enlarged to meet the increasing strain on its resources. Lately the lease fell in, but the Corporation, who own the freehold, have, with Colonel Temple West, the



THE ROYAL SOUTH LONDON OPHTHALMIC HOSPITAL.

owner of the adjoining land, generously granted the Committee a long and favourable lease of an extended site whereon to build new and more commodious premises, specially adapted for carrying on the increasing work of the Hospital in the most efficient and economical manner. Our engraving shows what will be the appearance of the building now in course of erection. In it the out-patient department, which will practically monopolise half the basement and ground floor, will be absolutely cut off from the super-imposed in-patient premises and their approach; and will, moreover, be separately ventilated by a large central brick shaft. A new feature in the Hospital will be a popular-priced unlicensed refreshment shop, which should be a great boon to those of the out-patients and their companions who come from a distance or have to be long detained. The in-patient department has the kitchen and domestic offices on the top floor, beneath an extensive flat roof, which in fine weather will form a capital promenade. The second and third floors will be devoted to the wards, operating rooms, &c.; and on the first will be the officers' apartments and a few private rooms for the paying patients, who so often nowadays go to Hospitals to obtain the best medical and nursing skill. We may add that, although ornamentation has been studiously avoided so as to spare expense, the building, in its red-brick simplicity, will be a creditable and welcome addition to the architecture of South London.



THE TRIAL OF THE BISHOP OF LINCOLN.—The preliminary objections to the jurisdiction of the Primate and to the legality of trying a Bishop for infractions of the Rubric having been disposed of some time ago, the case for the prosecution was opened at Lambeth Palace, on Tuesday. The Bishop of Lincoln has practically admitted the commission of most of the acts with which he is charged, while denying that they are illegal, but it was thought desirable to adduce evidence to prove the impossibility on the part of the communicants of seeing on certain specified occasions the Bishop's performance of what are called "the manual acts" of the Communion Service. Some of the witnesses were cross-examined to elicit the fact that they had been employed by the Church Association to observe the Bishop's proceedings during Divine service. On the part of the promoters Sir Horace Davey then argued that, with perhaps one exception, decisions had been given by the Judicial Committee pronouncing to be illegal the acts with which the Bishop was charged. On Wednesday Sir W. Phillimore began his reply.

THE BISHOP OF CHESTER made a very sensible speech when presiding this week at a public meeting in that city held in connection with the Church of England Temperance Society. The tavern, or public house, was, at least for the present, in his opinion, an almost ineradicable part of the national life, and the question was, could that form of life be better regulated and made more wholesome. He thought it would be a very valuable experiment for any one interested in temperance to try to find out, to try his hand as it were, whether it is possible to work a public house on thoroughly satisfactory principles. He hoped, too, that in time our municipalities would establish, on a really large and attractive scale, places of entertainment, not exclusively for refreshment, alcoholic or non-alcoholic, so as to make satisfactory provision for the unemployed hours of the working classes, of those who are the least able provide these things for themselves.

THE SEE OF DURHAM has, it is said, been offered to the Dean of Windsor, Dr. Randall Davidson.

DR. PERCIVAL, the Head Master of Rugby, presiding at a meeting of Elementary School Teachers, spoke of free education as likely to be adopted before long. He hoped that the clergy and other supporters of Church schools might see the advisability of pursuing a conciliatory policy on this point. The truly conservative policy was not to resist the democratic wave, but to meet it as to ride upon it safely, rather than be overwhelmed. He expressed frankly his approval of the proposal that if free education were established, the people should be represented on the management of every school aided by public money.

EMPHATIC PROTESTS against making Public Elementary Education gratuitous were, on the other hand, delivered by two prominent Wesleyans, the Rev. Dr. Greaves, Principal of Southlands College for Schoolmistresses, and the Rev. Dr. Rigg, Principal of the Westminster Training College, on the occasion of the Annual Inaugural Address to the Students of those institutions. Dr. Greaves declared his belief that the gratuitous system would destroy a large number of Wesleyan Schools by leading to the withdrawal of the large sum contributed by voluntary subscriptions which were given mainly for the express purpose of keeping the Schools independent of local control, and this, in his opinion at least, must inevitably follow any large contribution from the National Exchequer.

RESPECTING THE PILGRIMAGE TO THE HOLY PLACES which leaves Marseilles on March 12th, some further details are given by the *Tablet*. The total cost, first class, is 50*l.* 15*s.*, and second class, 41*l.* 3*s.* The pilgrimage will be headed by the Duke of Norfolk, and more than fifty British and Irish Roman Catholics have already intimated their intention of making it, among them being a number of ladies.

"PICTURES FROM A HOME COUNTY"

THIS is the title given to a series of small oil-pictures by Mr. Frank W. W. Topham, R.I., now on view at Mr. Dunthorne's gallery in Vigo Street. They have been painted in Surrey, and include, together with a few excellent landscapes, several somewhat idealised, but, in the main, truthful pictures of English rural life. Although Mr. Topham's village maidens are sometimes a little over-refined, and his children unnaturally neat and clean, they are entirely free from affectation, and are generally life-like in their movements. "Who's King of the Castle?" representing children at play on a wagon overshadowed by widely-spreading trees, and illumined by a glow of reflected light and colour from the sunlit meadow; and the small farmyard-scene, with many well-grouped and animated figures, called "A Doubtful Rest," are excellent works of their class, combining completeness in the rendering of detail with truth and general harmony of effect. Some rather larger pictures, in which the figures are quite subordinate to the landscape, also bear evidence of keen observation and careful study. "Among the Thistle-down" and "Spring" are noteworthy for the accurate draughtsmanship of leafless trees, and the skillful way in which luxuriant undergrowth and brilliant field-flowers in the foreground are depicted, as well as for their truthful illumination and vernal freshness of colour. Among many pictures in which landscape and figures are felicitously combined, "The Fern Gatherer," showing a wide extent of richly-wooded country, partially overshadowed by moving clouds, is the most subtle in its quality of tone, the most harmonious in composition, and in many ways the best.

AN OLD BRITISH CANNON has been found at Calcutta during some excavations near the Custom House. It is supposed to have belonged to one of the English ships which, in 1757, bombarded Fort William after the Black Hole tragedy.

A SUICIDE CLUB was formed in Bridgeport, Connecticut, U.S.A., some years ago, with the rule that at least one member should commit suicide every year. The rule was carried out, till now only two members are left from the original large number, and, as three are required to form a quorum for business, the survivors have agreed to dissolve the Society.

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THE LONDON MUSIC PUBLISHING COMPANY.—Many of our readers will be surprised to perceive that "The Organist's Quarterly Journal of Original Compositions" has passed into the hands of a new publisher, the above-named firm having purchased the copyright of Volume X., and henceforth this work will be published by them. W. Spark, Mus. Doc., who has edited this Journal from its commencement, will continue his onerous duties, hence no falling-off in its high-class character need be feared. Part 85, Vol. XI., commences with an unpretentious and brief "Andante Grazioso," by Kellow T. Pye, which is followed by a clever and vigorous choral ("Christ der du bist der helle Tag"), composed by Dr. Helps, of Leipzig. A "Transcription of the Duet and Chorus from the Oratorio, *Immanuel*" ("Unto Thee, O God"), by the editor, will prove a very useful *pièce de resistance* for organists both in and out of the church. A "March in E Flat," by B. C. Wainwright, and "Andante Tranquillo," by Arthur Pearson, complete this number, which is of more than average merit.

MESSRS. G. RICORDI AND CO.—A very pleasing collection of songs, by the ever-popular F. Paolo Tosti, will be found in "Aître Pagine d'Album," twelve melodies. The words are by various well-known Italian and French poets, including Lorenzo Slecchetti, Armand Souvestre, Sully Prudhomme, and Victor Hugo.—A very charming song of a religious type is "The Borderland of Heaven," written and composed by Edith Prince-Snowden and A. H. Behrend.—"Thou Only" (a sequel to "Fetters of Gold") is a love-song of more than ordinary merit, words by John Muir, music by Thomas Hutchinson, published in three keys.—"Le Matin" (at Daybreak) is a dainty *esquisse champêtre pour piano*, by A. Samuelli.

MESSRS. PATERSON, SONS, AND CO.—Again comes a delightful little collection of ten songs, "With Our Little Folks," written by D. W. Thomson, music by Alan Macbeth. There is genuine fun in all these poems, but quaintest of the set is "Cock-a-Doodle-Do." We quite sympathise with the irritation of the little boy when in reply to the question,

How many times, you stupid head,
Goes three in twenty-two?
That old bird winked one eye and said,
Just Cock-a-doodle-do!

The appropriate tuneful melody is very ear-catching, and will haunt the memory in the silent watches of the night.—A very pretty set of waltzes is "The Monte Carlo," by Henri Wolff.—The pretty frontispiece of "The Portland Quadrille," composed by W. H. Dixon, leads us to expect something better than the feeble music therein contained.



THE author who at present represents that favourite anonymity, "Q," is likely to make all our novelists of adventure look with heed to their laurels. In "The Splendid Spur" (1 vol.: Cassell and Co.), described as "Being Memoirs of the Adventures of Mr. and Mrs. Marvel, a Servant of His late Majesty King Charles I., in the Years 1642-3: Written by Himself," "Q" has boldly gone back to those times which—inasmuch as men fought in them for great ideas—should never be allowed to lose their interest for Englishmen; and assuredly the boy who takes up the adventures of John Marvel, and can lay it down until he has read breathlessly to the end, will scarcely be an English boy. To give the barest outline of the incidents would be out of the question, beyond noting an escape from Bristol Castle which might well have been invented by Dumas père. Those round which the rest are grouped are the Royalist victories of Braddock Down and Stamford Hill. This last (the former being left undescribed) is not especially good as a battle piece—both Mr. Oswald Crawford and Mr. Conan Doyle have done infinitely better; but if "Q" has not yet caught any of the Iliad, he has certainly not been untouched with the spirit of the Odyssey. Nor is he without pathos, as in the episode of Joan o' the Tor. We are by no means sure that "Q" has yet quite found his own feet, and that his form and method are not Mr. Blackmore's and Mr. Baring-Gould's fully as much as his own. But that is to pay him a compliment, considering that he is still, as a novelist, under probation; and we doubt not that he will do his guides as well as himself ample honour in time to come.

"Ah! Robert Elsmere," William said to himself, 'you little knew what you were doing when you founded your little sect!' And indeed poor "Bob," as the Bostonians call him, did not; for certainly neither he nor Mrs. Humphry Ward could foresee the publication of "William Orleigh," by Esmé Hope (2 vols.: Remington and Co.), whence we have quoted the above apostrophe. Esmé Hope tells how the little experiment tried by Robert Elsmere developed, after his death, into an attempt at a church, then—very naturally—went all to pieces, and ended as an institution for young women in business who wanted a holiday. There might be a certain amount of humour in such a story, if it were treated from a frankly satirical point of view: but, unhappily, Esmé Hope is in such deadly earnest, and takes such an exaggerated view of the effect of Mrs. Ward's clever domestic novel upon the intellect of the generation, that the orthodox Christian will be inclined to exclaim, "Save me from my friends." The matrimonial experiences of Robert Elsmere actually seem preferable beside the various phases of self-made muddle which mark the theological career of William Orleigh. It is certainly not easy to see what good purpose a work of this kind can be expected to fulfil, inasmuch

as it would have been equally easy to write a novel which should prove that "Elsmatism" turned out a triumphant success; and this is the first criticism which will appear to any ordinary mind. The second will be that it is not well to encourage people to base their theology on fiction, on whichever side it may be written. "William Orleigh" may be best described as a monument of misplaced talent; the talent and its waste being equally undeniable.

It seems incredible that any man should write his own story for no other apparent purpose than to hold himself up to contempt as a particularly feeble and foolish sort of rascal. That, however, is the case with George Longford, the autobiographical hero of Frederick Eastwood's "In Satan's Bonds: A Story of Love and Crime" (2 vols.: Sampson Low and Co.). His relations with the two heroines, however, are at any rate original, if not creditable. First, he conquers the heart of Louise Graham. Then he falls overhead and ears in love with Gertrude Oliver, but none the less engages himself to Louise. Having jilted Louise, he marries Gertrude, to discover, on his wedding-day, that she belonged to a secret society of Nihilists and dynamiters, whose tool, despite this discovery, he suffers himself to be made. Gertrude having gone off with a member of the gang to whom she mistakenly believes she had been formerly married, he lives a bachelor's life for a couple of years till he comes across Louise again; and, all his old passion for her reviving, he thinks he might as well get a divorce from Gertrude. The solicitor whom he consults advises him he has no case, by reason of the life he had led since Gertrude's elopement; but advises him to commit bigamy, which he does accordingly, concealing from Louise his marriage with Gertrude. But again he comes across the latter, learns that appearances only had been against her, and finds himself more in love with her than ever, and, consequently, out of love again with Louise. Luckily, or otherwise, the dynamiters rush upon the stage at a critical moment, and kill Gertrude in mistake for George; who, equal to the occasion, once more falls in love with Louise. The style of the novel is appropriate to the story.

The period of "Olympias," by T. Sparrow (1 vol.: Remington and Co.), is curiously selected, being that of the Emperor Alexius I., of John the Handsome, and of Anna Comnena, who are all prominent characters. The intrigues of the Byzantine Court, at the beginning of the twelfth century, are certainly not attractive in themselves to the general reader; nor does Mr. Sparrow display that force of genius without which it is absolutely impossible to make them so. It is not enough that he writes well, and that he gives proof of familiarity with his subject, despite an allusion to "the lusty Philip" and "the chivalrous Richard." If he means Cœur de Lion and his French rival, this is a startling anachronism in connection with the first Crusade.

"Boycotted," by M. Morley (1 vol.: Remington and Co.), is a quiet little story of how a mild young officer of dragoons was sent with a detachment to help a boycotted landlord get in his harvest; of how he fell in love with the amiable landlord's charming sister-in-law; and of how, after the very slightest of misunderstandings, he became her accepted lover. There is a less satisfactory underplot concerning the sergeant of dragoons and a dairymaid; but, taken altogether, the story is curiously "idyllic"—in the popular and familiar sense of the word—considering its title and foundation. It is anything but exciting, but is simply and pleasantly told.

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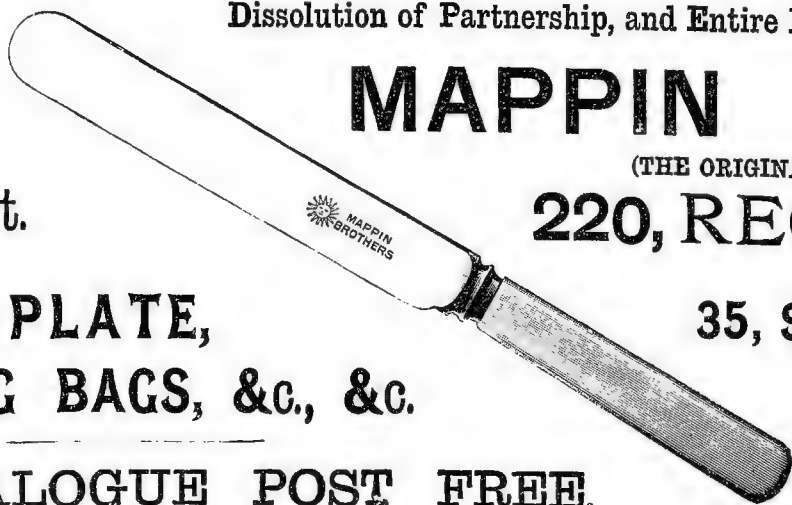
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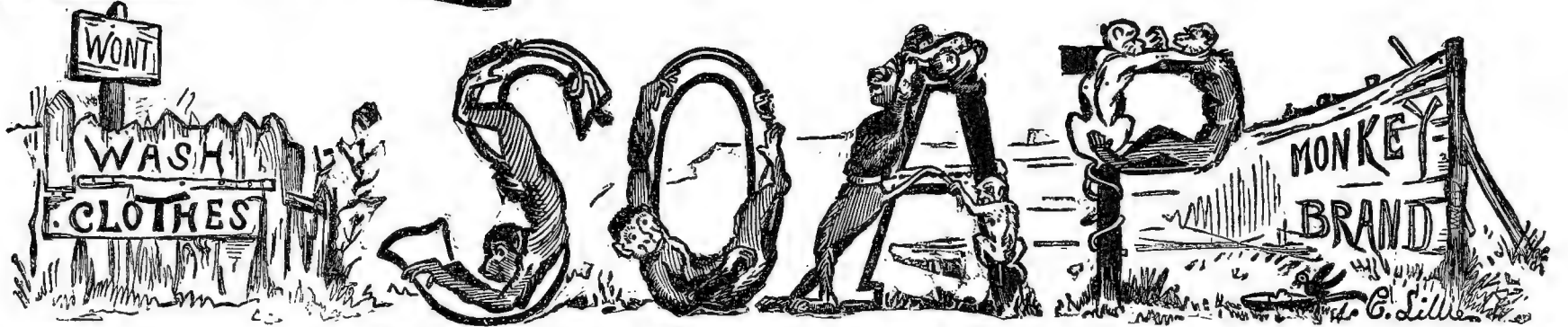
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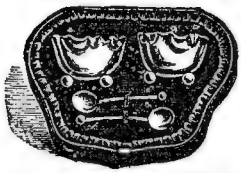
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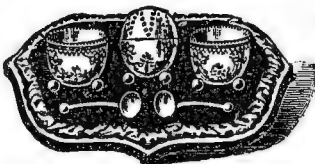
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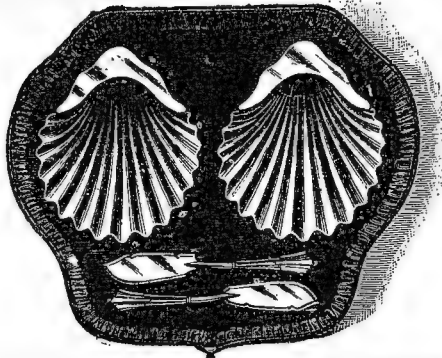
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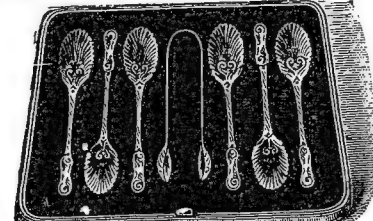
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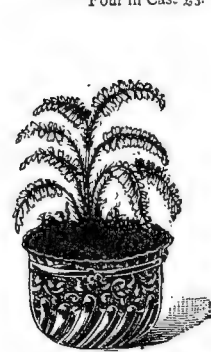
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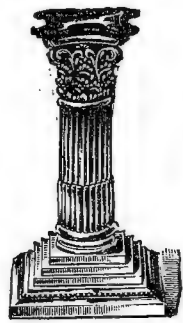
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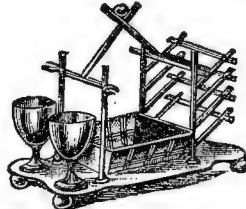
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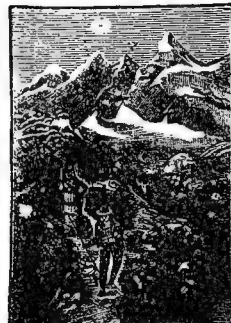
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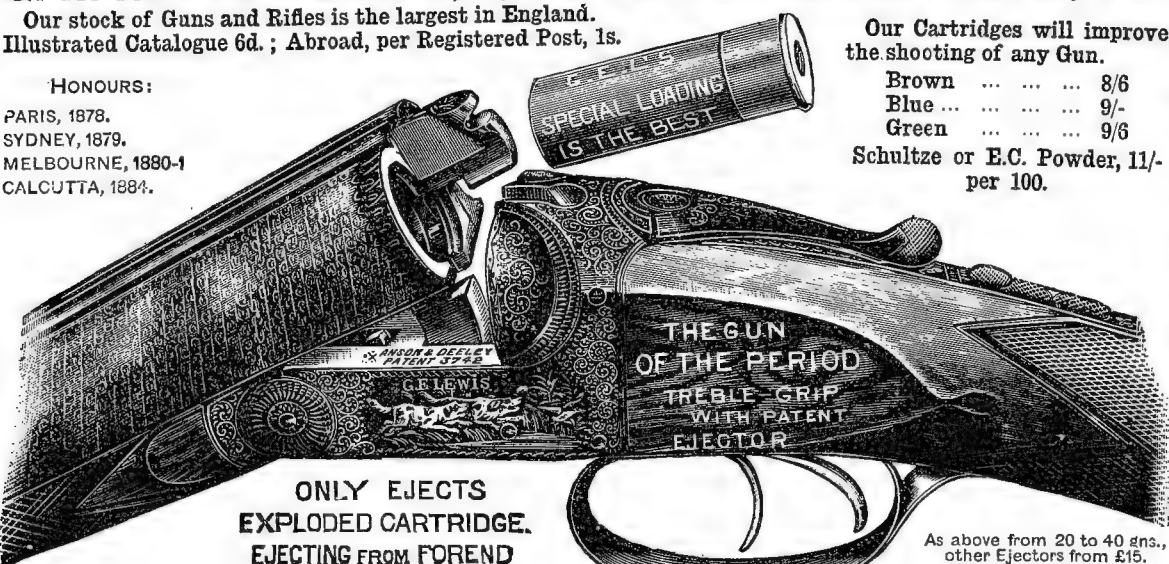
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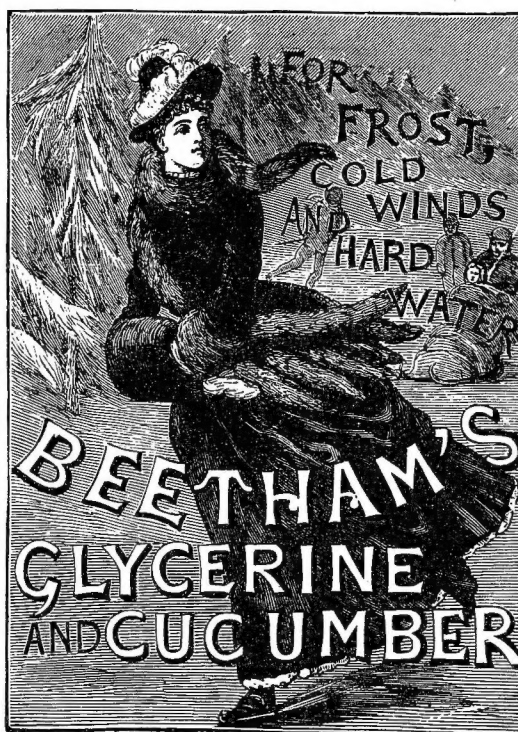
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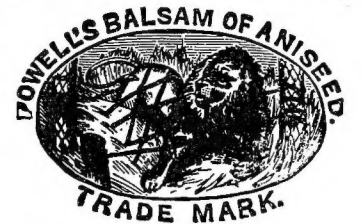


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is the great specific for

CHOLERA, DYSENTERY, DIARRHŒA.

Earl Russell communicated to the College of Physicians that he had received a despatch from Her Majesty's Consul at Manila to the effect that Cholera had been raging fearfully, and that the ONLY Remedy of any Service was **CHLORODYNE**.—See *Lancet*, December 31, 1889.

THE GENERAL BOARD OF HEALTH, London, reports that it acts as a charm, one dose generally sufficient.

FROM the VICEROY'S Chemists, Simla, January 5, 1889.

J. T. DAVENPORT, London.

Dear Sir.—We congratulate you upon the wide-spread reputation this justly esteemed medicine has earned for itself not only in Hindostan, but all over the East. As a remedy of general utility, we much question whether a better is imported into the country, and we shall be glad to hear of its finding a place in every Anglo-Indian home. The other brands, we are happy to say, are now relegated to the native bazaars, and judging from their sale, we fancy their sojourn there will be but evanescent. We could multiply instances *ad infinitum* of the extraordinary efficacy of Dr. Collis Browne's Chlorodyne in Diarrhoea and Dysentery, Spasms, Cramps, Neuralgia, and as a general sedative, that have occurred under our personal observation during many years. In Choleraic Diarrhoea, and even in the more terrible forms of cholera itself, we have witnessed a surprisingly controlling power. We have never used any other form of this medicine than Collis Browne's, from a firm conviction that it is decidedly the best, and also from a sense of duty we owe to the profession and the public, as we are of opinion that the substitution of any other than Collis Browne's is a deliberate breach of faith on the part of the chemist to prescribe and patient alike.

We are, Sir, faithfully yours
SYMES AND CO.,
Members of the Pharm. Society of Great Britain.
His Excellency the Viceroy's Chemists.

DR. J. COLLIS BROWNE'S CHLORODYNE.—Vice-Chancellor Sir W. Page Wood stated publicly in Court that "Dr. J. Collis Browne was undoubtedly the inventor of Chlorodyne, that the whole story of the defendant Freeman was deliberately untrue, and he regretted to say that it had been sworn to."—See the *Times*, July 13, 1884.

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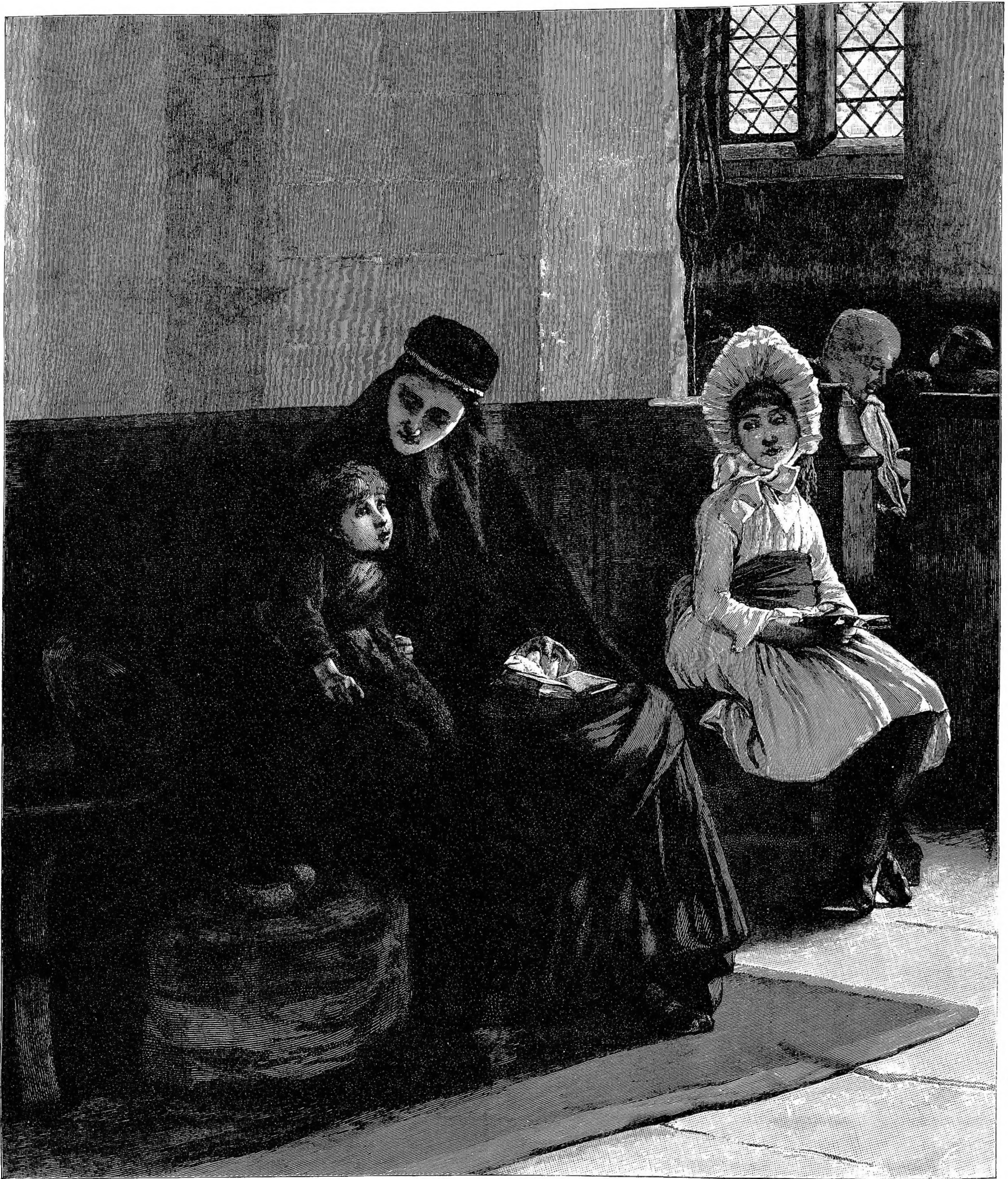
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Every Bottle of genuine **CHLORODYNE** bears on the Government Stamp the name of the Inventor.

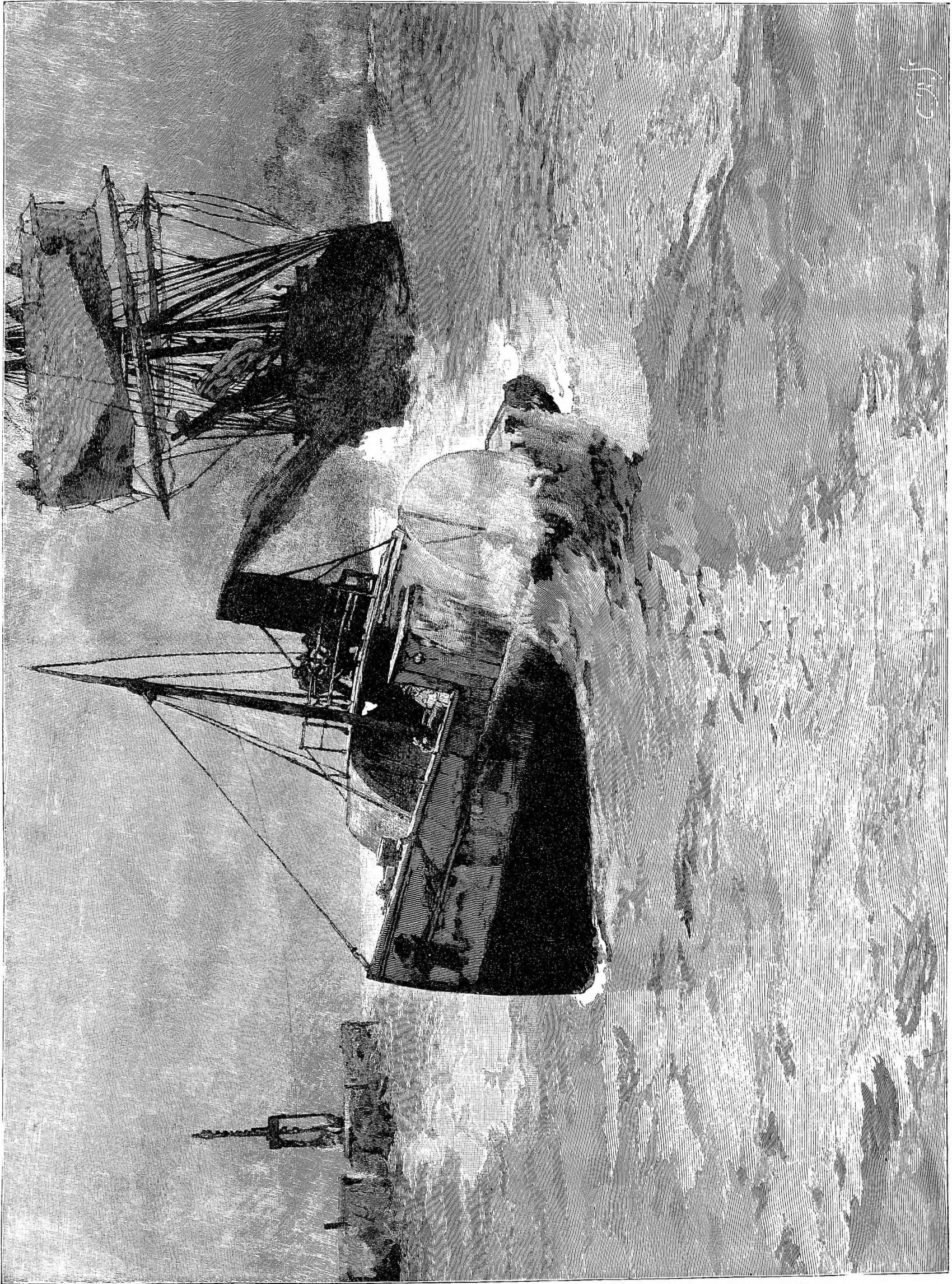
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FEBRUARY 8, 1890.



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FROM THE PICTURE BY EDWARD KING, EXHIBITED IN THE ROYAL ACADEMY



"HOME"
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